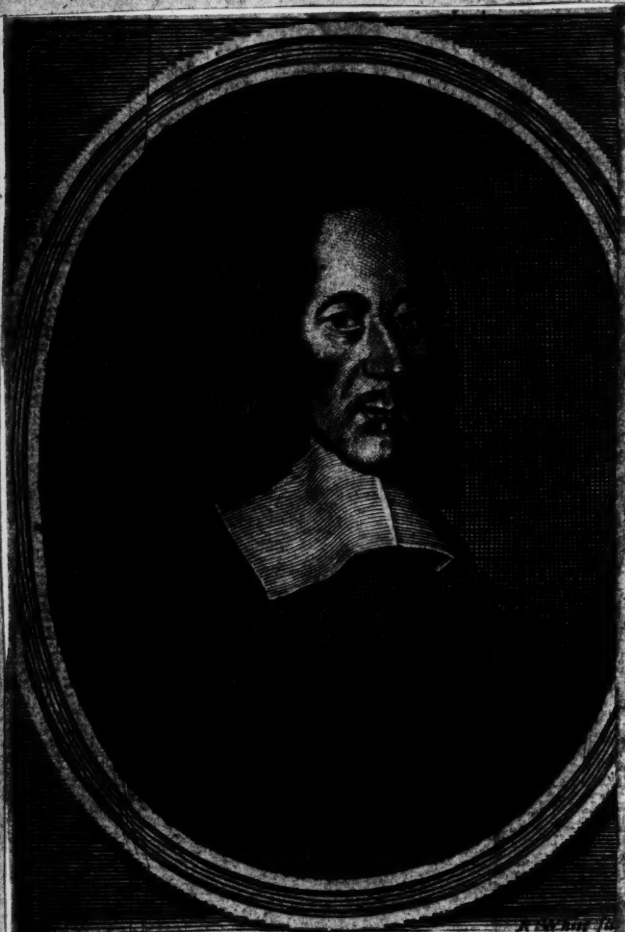
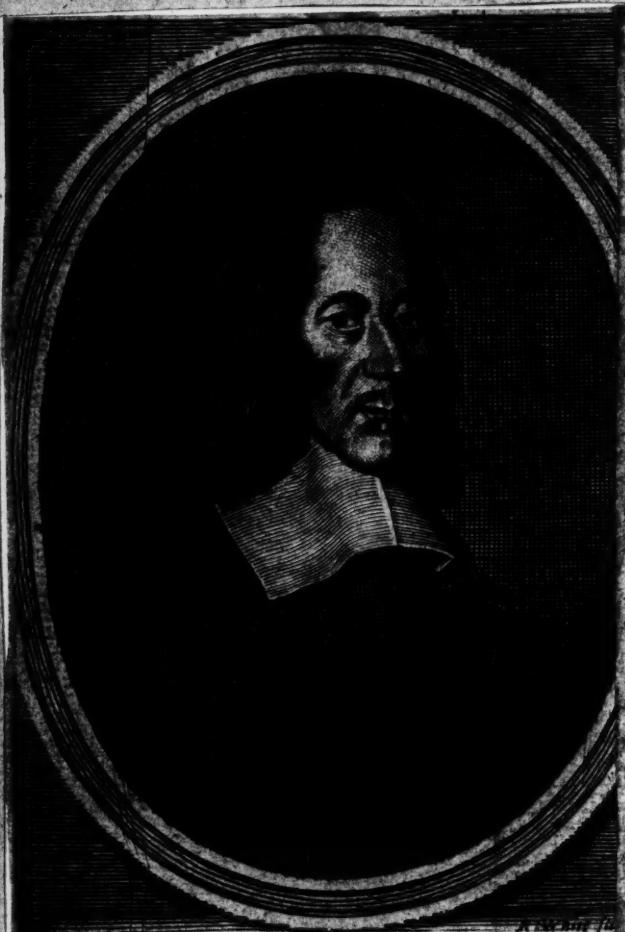


The Effigies of M. George Herbert
Author of those Sacred Poems called
The Temple.



The Effigies of M. George Herbert
Author of those Sacred Poems called
The Temple.

George Herbert. 16

THE TEMPLE.

Sacred Poems, and private ejaculations.

By Mr. GEORGE HERBERT, late Oratour of the Universitie of *Cambridge*.

The sixth Edition.

PSAL. 29.

In his Temple doth every man speak of his honour.

Printed by *Roger Daniel*, printer to the Universitie of *Cambridge*.

1641.

The Printer to the Reader.

THe dedication of this work having been made by the Authour to the *Divine Majesty* onely, how should we now presume to interest any mortall man in the patronage of it? Much lesse think we it meet to seek the recommendation of the Muses, for that which himself was confident to have been inspired by a diviner breath then flows from *Helicon*. The world therefore shall receive it in that naked simplicity, with which he left it, without any addition either of support or ornament, more then is included in it self. We leave it free and unforestalled to every mans judgement, and to the benefit that he shall find by perusall. Onely for the clearing of some passages, we have thought it not unfit to make the common Reader privie to some few particularities of the condition and disposition of the Person;

Being nobly born, and as eminently endued with gifts of the mind, and having by industry and happy education perfected them to that great height of excellencie, whereof his fellowship of Trinitie Colledge in Cambridge, and his Oratourship in the Universitie, together with that knowledge which the kings Court had taken of him, could make relation farre above ordinarie. Quitting both his deserts and all the opportunities that he had for worldly preferment, he betook himself to the Sanctuary and Temple of God, choosing rather to serve at Gods Altar, then to seek the ho-

nour of Safe-imployments. As for those inward enforcements to this course (for outward there was none) which many of these ensuing verses bear witnesse of, they detract not from the freedome, but adde to the honour of this resolution in him. As God had enabled him, so he accounted him meet not onely to be called, but to be compelled to this service: Wherein his faithfull discharge was such, as may make him justly a companion to the primitive Saints, and a pattern or more for the age he lived in.

To testifie his independencie upon all others, and to quicken his diligence in this kind, he used in his ordinarie speech, when he made mention of the blessed name of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to adde, *My Master*.

Next God, he loved that which God himself hath magnified above all things, that is, his Word: so as he hath been heard to make solemn protestation, that he would not part with one leaf thereof for the whole world, if it were offered him in exchange.

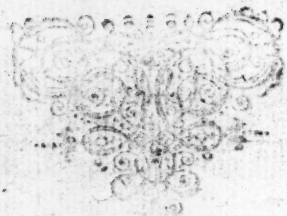
His obedience and conformitie to the Church and the discipline thereof was singularly remarkable: Though he abounded in private devotions, yet went he every morning and evening with his familie to the Church, and by his example, exhortations, and encouragements drew the greater part of his parishioners to accompany him daily in the publick celebration of Divine Service.

As for worldly matters, his love and esteem to them was so little, as no man can more ambitiously seek then he did earnestly endeavour the resignation of an Ecclesiasticall dignitie, which he was possessour of. But God permitted not the accomplishment of this desire, having ordained him his instrument for reedifying of the Church belonging thereunto, that had layen ruinated almost twenty years. The reparation whereof, having

having been uneffectually attempted by publick collections, was in the end by his own and some few others private free-will-offerings successefully effected. With the remembrance whereof, as of an especiall good work, when a friend went about to comfort him on his death-bed, he made answer, *It is a good work, if it be sprinkled with the bloud of Christ:* Otherwise then in this respect he could find nothing to glorie or comfort himself with, neither in this nor in any other thing.

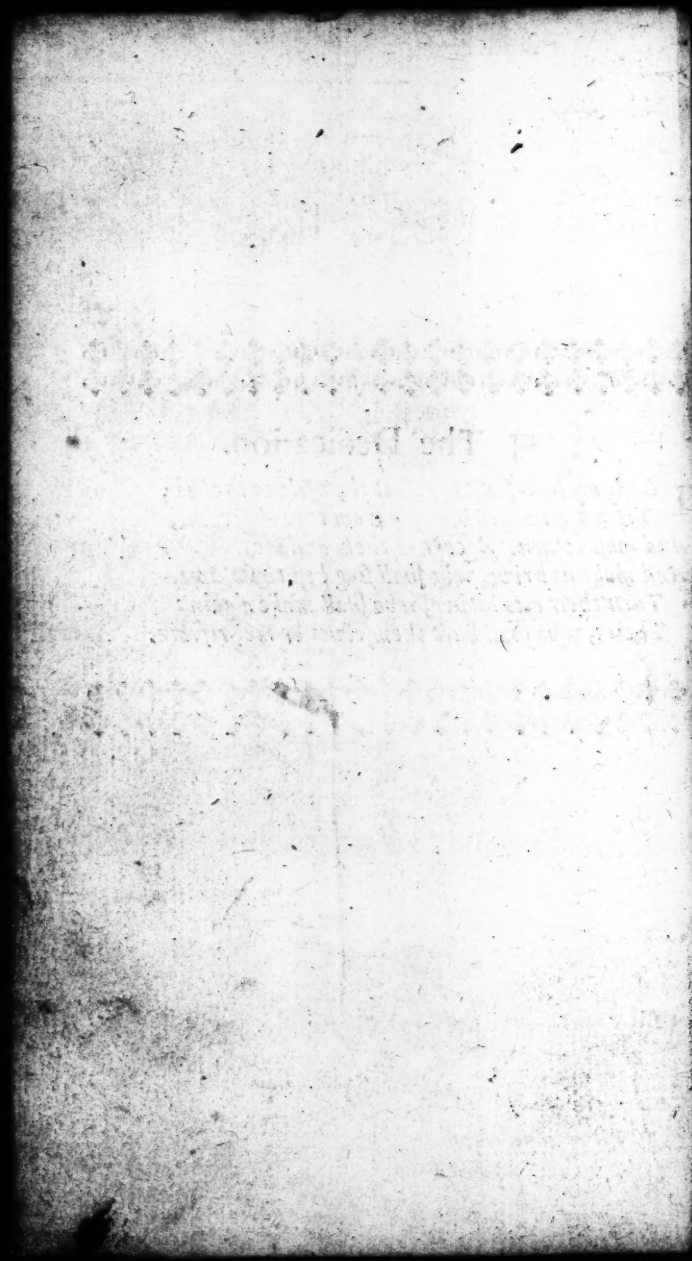
And these are but a few of many that might be said, which we have chosen to premise as a glance to some parts of the ensuing book, and for an example to the Reader. We conclude all with his own Motto, with which he used to conclude all things that might seem to tend any way to his own honour,

Lesse then the least of Gods mercies.



¶ The Dedication.

LOrd, my first-fruits present themselves to thee;
Yet not mine neither: for from thee they came,
And must return. Accept of them and me,
And make us strive, who shall sing best thy Name.
Turn their eyes hither, who shall make a gain:
Theirs, who shall hurt themselves or me, refrain.



The Church-porch.

Perirrhanterium.

THou, whoſe ſweet youth and early hopes inhance
Thy rate and price, and mark thee for a treaſure;
Hearken unto a Verſer, who may chance
Rhyme thee to good, and make a bait of pleaſure.
A verſe may find him, who a ſermon flies,
And turn delight into a ſacrifice.

Beware of luſt: it doth pollute and foul
Whom God in Baptiſme waſht with his own bloud.
It blots the leſſon written in thy ſoul;
The holy lines cannot be underſtood.
How dare thoſe eyes upon a Bible look,
Much leſſe towards God, whoſe luſt is all their book?

Wholly abſtain, or wed. Thy bounteous Lord
Allows thee choice of paths: take no by-wayes;
But gladly welcome what he doth afford;
Not grudging that thy luſt hath bounds and ſtayes.
Continence hath his joy: weigh both; and ſo
If rottenneſſe have more, let Heaven go.

If God had laid all common, certainly
Man would have been th' incloſer: but ſince now
God hath impal'd us, on the contrary
Man breaks the fence, and every ground will plough.
O what were man, might he himſelf miſplace!
Sure to be croſſe he would ſhift feet and face.

Drink not the third glaſſe, which thou canſt not tame
When once it is within thee; but before
Mayſt rule it, as thou liſt: and poure the ſhame,
Which it would poure on thee, upon the floore.
It is moſt juſt to throw that on the ground,
Which would throw me there, if I keep the round.

He that is drunken, may his mother kill
Bigge with his ſiſter: he hath loſt the reins,
Is outlawd by himſelf: all kind of ill
Did with his liquour ſlide into his veins.
The drunkard forfeits Man, and doth deveſt
All worldly right, ſave what he hath by beaſt.

Shall I, to pleaſe anothers wine-ſprung mind,
Loſe all mine own? God hath giv'n me a meaſure
Short of his canne and body: muſt I find
A pain in that, wherein he finds a pleaſure?
Stay at the third glaſſe: if thou loſe thy hold,
Then thou art modeſt, and the wine grows bold.

If reaſon move not Gallants, quit the room,
(All in a ſhipwrack ſhift their ſeverall way)
Let not a common ruine thee intombe:
Be not a beaſt in courteſie; but ſtay,
Stay at the third cup, or forgo the place.
Wine above all things doth Gods ſtamp deface.

Yet, if thou ſinne in wine or wantonneſſe,
Boaſt not thereof, nor make thy ſhame thy glorie.
Frailtie gets pardon by ſubmiſſiveneſſe;
But he that boaſts, ſhuts that out of his ſtorie:
He makes flat warre with God, and doth defie
With his poore clod of earth the ſpacious ſkie.

Take not his name, who made thy mouth, in vain:
It gets thee nothing, and hath no excuse.
Lust and wine plead a pleasure, avarice gain
But the cheap swearer through his open sluce
Lets his soul runne for nought, as little fearing.
Were I an *Epicure*, I could bate swearing.

When thou dost tell anothers jest, therein
Omit the oathes, which true wit cannot need:
Pick out of tales the mirth, but not the sinne.
He pares his apple, that will cleanly feed.
Play not away the virtue of that name,
Which is thy best stake, when griefs make thee tame.

The cheapest sinnes most dearly punisht are;
Because to shun them also is so cheap:
For we have wit to mark them, and to spare.
O crumble not away thy souls fair heap.
If thou wilt die, the gates of hell are broad:
Pride and full sinnes have made the way a road.

Lie not; but let thy heart be true to God,
Thy mouth to it, thy actions to them both:
Cowards tell lies, and those that fear the rod;
The stormie working soul spits lies and froth.
Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie:
A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby.

Flie idlenesse, which yet thou canst not flie.
By dressing, mistressing, and complement.
If those take up thy day, the sunne will crie
Against thee: for his light was onely lent. (thers
God gave thy soul brave wings; put not those fea-
Into a bed, [illegible] out all ill weathers.

Art thou a Magistrate? then be severe:
If studious, copie fair what time hath blurr'd;
Redeem truth from his jawes; if souldier,
Chase brave employments with a naked sword
Throughout the world. Fool not: for all may have,
If they dare try, a glorious life, or grave.

O England full of sinne, but most of sloth!
Spit out thy phlegme, and fill thy breast with glory:
Thy Gentry bleats, as if thy native cloth
Transfus'd a sheepishnesse into thy story:
Not that they all are so; but that the most
Are gone to grasse, and in the pasture lost.

This losse springs chiefly from our education:
Some till their ground, but let weeds choke their sonne:
Some mark a partridge, never their childs fashion:
Some ship them over, and the thing is done.
Study this art, make it thy great designe;
And if Gods image move thee not, let thine.

Some great estates provide, but do not breed
A manly mind; so both are lost thereby:
Or els they breed them tender, make them need
All that they leave: this is flat povertie.
For he that needs five thousand pound to live,
Is full as poore as he that needs but five.

The way to make thy sonne rich, is to fill
His mind with rest, before his trunk with riches:
For wealth without contentment, climbes a hill
To feel those tempests which fly over ditches.
But if thy sonne can make ten pound his measure;
Then all thou addest may be call'd his treasure.

When

When thou doſt purpoſe ought within thy power,
Be ſure to do it, though it be but ſmall.
Conſtancie knits the bones, and makes us ſtowre,
When wanton pleaſures becken us to thrall.
Who breaks his own bond, forfeiteth himſelf:
What nature made a ſhip, he makes a ſhelf.

Do all things like a man, not ſneakingly:
Think the king ſees thee ſtill; for his King does.
Simpring is but a lay hypocriſie:
Give it a corner, and the clue undoes.
Who fears to do ill, ſets himſelf to task:
Who fears to do well, ſure ſhould wear a maſk.

Look to thy mouth: diſeaſes enter there.
Thou haſt two ſconſes, if thy ſtomach call;
Carve, or diſcourſe; do not a famine fear.
Who carves, is kind to two; who talks, to all.
Look on meat, think it dirt, then eat a bit,
And ſay withall, *Earth to earth I commit.*

Slight thoſe who ſay amidſt their ſickly healths,
Thou liv'ſt by rule. What doth not ſo but man?
Houſes are built by rule, and common wealths.
Entice the truſtie ſunne, if that you can,
From his Ecliptick line; becken the skie.
Who lives by rule then, keeps good companie.

Who keeps no guard upon himſelf, is ſlack,
And rots to nothing at the next great thaw.
Man is a thop of rules, a well-truſs'd pack,
Whoſe every parcell under-writes a law.
Loſe not thy ſelfe, nor give thy humours way:
God gave them to thee under lock and key.

By all means uſe ſometimes to be alone.
Salute thy ſelf: ſee what thy ſoul doth wear.
Dare to look in thy cheſt; for 'tis thine own:
And tumble up and down what thou find'ſt there.
Who cannot reſt till he good fellows find,
He breaks up houſe, turns out of doores his mind.

Be thrifty, but not covetous: therefore give
Thy need, thine honour, and thy friend his due.
Never was ſcraper brave man. Get to live;
Then live, and uſe it: elſe, it is not true
That thou haſt gotten. Surely uſe alone
Makes money not a contemptible ſtone.

Never exceed thy income. Youth may make
Ev'n with the yeare: but age, if it will hit,
Shoots a bow ſhort, and leſſens ſtill his ſtake,
As the day leſſens, and his life with it.
Thy children, kindred, friends upon thee call;
Before thy journey fairly part with all.

Yet in thy thriving ſtill miſdoubt ſome evil;
Leſt gaining gain on thee, and make thee dimme
To all things elſe. Wealth is the conjurers devil;
Whom when he thinks he hath, the devil hath him.
Gold thou mayſt ſafely touch; but if it ſtick
Unto thy hands, it woundeth to the quick.

What skills it, if a bag of ſtones or gold
About thy neck do drown thee? raiſe thy head;
Take ſtarres for money; ſtarres not to be told
By any art, yet to be purchaſed.
None is ſo waſtfull as the ſcraping dame:
She loſeth three for one; her ſoul, reſt, fame.

By

By no means runne in debt: take thine own measure.
Who cannot live on twentie pound a yeare,
Cannot on fourtie: he 's a man of pleasure,
A kind of thing that 's for it self too deare.
The curious unthrift makes his clothes too wide,
And spares himself, but would his tayler chide.

Spend not on hopes. They that by pleading clothes
Do fortunes seek, when worth and service fail,
Would have their tale believed for their oathes,
And are like emptie vessels under sail.
Old courtiers know this: therefore set out so,
As all the day thou mayst hold out to go.

In clothes, cheap handsomenesse doth bear the bell.
Wisdome 's a trimmer thing then shop e're gave.
Say not then, This with that lace will do well;
But, This with my discretion will be brave.
Much curiousnesse is a perpetuall wooing
Nothing with labour, folly long a doing.

Play not for gain, but sport. Who playes for more
Then he can lose with pleasure, stakes his heart;
Perhaps his wives too, and whom she hath bore:
Servants and churches also play their part.
Onely a herauld, who that way doth passe,
Finds his crackt name at length in the church-glasse.

If yet thou love game at so deare a rate,
Learn this, that hath old gamesters dearly cost;
Dost lose? rise up: dost winne? rise in that state.
Who strive to sit out losing hands are lost.
Game is a civil gunpowder, in peace
Blowing up houses with their whole increase.

In Converſation boldneſſe now bears ſway.
But know that nothing can ſo fooliſh be
As empty boldneſſe: therefore firſt aſſay
To ſtuff thy mind with ſolid bravery;
Then march on gallant: get ſubſtantiall worth,
Boldneſſe gilds finely, and will ſet it forth.

Be ſweet to all. Is thy complexion ſowre?
Then keep ſuch company; make them thy allay:
Get a ſharp wife, a ſervant that will lowre.
A ſtumbler ſtumbles leaſt in rugged way.
Command thy ſelf in chief. He lifes warre knows,
Whom all his paſſions follow as he goes.

Catch not at quarels. He that dares not ſpeak
Plainly and home, is coward of the two.
Think not thy fame at ev'ry twitch will break:
By great deeds ſhew that thou canſt little do;
And do them not: that ſhall thy wiſdome be;
And change thy temperance into bravery.

If that thy fame with ev'ry toy be pos'd,
'Tis a thin web, which poyſonous fancies make:
But the great ſouldiers honour was compos'd
Of thicker ſtuff, which would endure a ſhake.
Wiſdome picks friends; civility playes the reſt.
A toy ſhunn'd cleanly paſſeth with the beſt.

Laugh not too much: the wittie man laughs leaſt:
For wit is news onely to ignorance.
Leſſe at thine own things laugh; leſt in the jeſt
Thy perſon ſhare, and the conceit advance.
Make not thy ſport, abuſes: for the fly
That feeds on dung is coloured thereby.

Pick

Pick out of mirth, like ſtones out of thy ground,
Profaneneſſe, filthineſſe, abuſiveneſſe.
Theſe are the ſcum, with which courſe wits abound:
The fine may ſpare theſe well, yet not go leſſe.
All things are big with jeſt: nothing that 's plain
But may be witty, if thou haſt the vein.

Wit 's an unruly engine, wildly ſtriking
Sometimes a friend, ſometimes the engineer.
Haſt thou the knack? pamper it not with liking:
But if thou want it, buy it not too deere.
Many affecting wit beyond their power,
Have got to be a dear fool for an houre.

A ſad wiſe valour is the brave complexion,
That leads the van, and ſwallows up the cities.
The gigler is a milk-maid, whom infection
Or a fir'd beacon frighteth from his dities.
Then he 's the ſport: the mirth then in him reſts,
And the ſad man is cock of all his jeſts.

Towards great perſons uſe reſpective boldneſſe:
That temper gives them theirs, and yet doth take
Nothing from thine: in ſervice, care or coldneſſe
Doth ratably thy fortunes marre or make.
Feed no man in his ſinnes: for adulation
Doth make thee parcel-devil in damnation.

Envie not greatneſſe: for thou mak'ſt thereby
Thy ſelf the worſe, and ſo the diſtance greater.
Be not thine own worm: yet ſuch jealouſie,
As hurts not others, but may make thee better,
Is a good ſpurre. Correct thy paſſions ſpite;
Then may the beaſts draw thee to happy light.

When baſeneſſe is exalted, do not bate
The place its honour, for the perſons ſake.
The ſhrine is that which thou doſt venerate;
And not the beaſt, that beares it on his back.
I care not though the cloth of State ſhould be
Not of rich arras, but mean tapeſtrie.

Thy friend put in thy boſome: wear his eyes
Still in thy heart, that he may ſee what 's there.
If cauſe require, thou art his ſacrifice;
Thy drops of bloud muſt pay down all his fear.
But love is loſt, the way of friendſhip 's gone,
Though *David* had his *Jonathan*, *Chriſt* his *John*.

Yet be not ſurety, if thou be a father.
Love is a perſonall debt. I cannot give
My childrens right, nor ought he take it: rather
Both friends ſhould die, then hinder them to live.
Fathers firſt enter bonds to natures ends;
And are her ſureties, ere they are a friends.

If thou be ſingle, all thy goods and ground
Submit to love; but yet not more then all.
Give one eſtate, as one life. None is bound
To work for two, who brought himſelf to thrall.
God made me one man; love makes me no more,
Till labour come, and make my weakneſſe ſcore.

In thy diſcourſe, if thou deſire to pleaſe,
All ſuch is courteous, uſefull, new, or wittie.
Uſefulneſſe comes by labour, wit by eaſe;
Courteſie grows in court, news in the citie.
Get a good ſtock of theſe, then draw the card,
That ſuits him beſt, of whom thy ſpeech is heard.

Entice

Entice all neatly to what they know beſt;
For ſo thou doſt thy ſelf and him a pleaſure:
(But a proud ignorance will loſe his reſt,
Rather then ſhew his cards) ſteal from his treaſure
What to ask further. Doubts well rais'd do lock
The ſpeaker to thee, and preſerve thy ſtock.

If thou be Maſter-gunner, ſpend not all
That thou canſt ſpeak, at once; but husband it,
And give men turns of ſpeech: do not foreſtall
By laviſhneſſe thine own and others wit,
As if thou mad'ſt thy will. A civil gueſt
Will no more talk all, then eat all the feaſt.

Be calm in arguing: for fierceneſſe makes
Errour a fault, and truth diſcourteſie.
Why ſhould I feel another mans miſtakes
More then his ſickneſſes or povertie?
In love I ſhould: but anger is not love,
Nor wiſdome neither: therefore gently move.

Calmneſſe is great advantage: he that lets
Another chafe, may warm him at his fire,
Mark all his wandrings, and enjoy his frets;
As cunning fencers ſuffer heat to tire.
Truth dwels not in the clouds: the bow that's there
Doth often aim at, never hit the ſphere.

Mark what another ſayes: for many are
Full of themſelves, and anſwer their own notion.
Take all into thee; then with equall care
Balance each dramme of reaſon, like a potion.
If truth be with thy friend, be with them both:
Share in the conqueſt, and confeſſe a troth.

Be-

Be usefull where thou livest, that they may
Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still.
Kindnesse, good parts, great places are the way
To compasse this. Find out mens wants and will,
And meet them there. All worldly joyes go lesse
To that one joy of doing kindnesses.

Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high;
So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be:
Sink not in spirit. Who aimeth at the sky
Shoots higher much then he that means a tree.
A grain of glorie mixt with humblenesse
Cures both a fever and lethargickness.

Let thy mind still be bent, still plotting where,
And when, and how the businesse may be done.
Slackness breeds worms; but the sure traveller,
Though he alight sometimes, still goeth on.
Active and stirring spirits live alone.
Write on the others, *Here lies such an one.*

Slight not the smallest losse, whether it be
In love or honour: take account of all;
Shine like the sunne in every corner: see
Whether thy stock of credit swell, or fall.
Who say, *I care not*, those I give for lost;
And to instruct them will not quit the cost.

Scorn no mans love, though of a mean degree;
(Love is a present for a mighty king)
Much lesse make any one thine enemie.
As gunnes destroy, so may a little sling.
The cunning workman never doth refuse
The meanest tool, that he may chance to use.

All

All forrein wisdome doth amount to this,
To take all that is given; whether wealth,
Or love, or language; nothing comes amisse:
A good digestion turneth all to health:
And then, as farre as fair behaviour may,
Strike off all scores; none are so clear as they.

Keep all thy native good, and naturalize
All forrein of that name; but scorn their ill:
Embrace their activenesse, not vanities.
Who follows all things, forfeiteth his will.
If thou observest strangers in each fit,
In time they'l runne thee out of all thy wit.

Affect in things about thee cleanlinesse,
That all may gladly board thee, as a flower.
Slovens take up their stock of noisomnesse
Beforehand, and anticipate their last houre.
Let thy minds sweetnesse have his operation
Upon thy body, clothes, and habitation.

In Alms regard thy means, and others merit.
Think heav'n a better bargain then to give
Onely thy single market-mony for it.
Joyn hands with God to make a man to live.
Give to all something, to a good poore man,
Til thou change names, and be where he began.

Man is Gods image; but a poore man is
Christs stamp to boot: both images regard.
God reckons for him, counts the favour his:
Write, *So much giv'n to God*; thou shalt be heard.
Let thy alms go before, and keep heav'ns gate
Open for thee; or both may come too late.

Before

Restore to God his due in tithe and time:
A tithe purloin'd cankers the whole estate.
Sundayes observe: think, when the bells do chime,
'Tis angels musick; therefore come not late.
God then deals blessings: If a king did so,
Who would not haste, nay give, to see the show?

Twice on the day his due is understood;
For all the week thy food so oft he gave thee.
Thy cheer is mended; bate not of the food,
Because 'tis better, and perhaps may save thee.
Thwart not th' Almighty God: O be not crosse.
Fast when thou wilt, but *then*; 'tis gain, not losse.

Though private prayer be a brave designe,
Yet publick hath more promises, more love:
And love 's a weight to hearts, to eyes a signe.
We all are but cold suiters; let us move
Where it is warmest. Leave thy six and seven;
Pray with the most: for where most pray, is heaven.

When once thy foot enters the church, be bare.
God is more there then thou: for thou art there
Onely by his permission. Then beware,
And make thy self all reverence and fear.
Kneeling ne're spoil'd silk stocking: quit thy state.
All equall are within the churches gate.

Resort to sermons, but to prayers most:
Praying 's the end of preaching. O be dresst;
Stay not for th' other pin: why, thou hast lost
A joy for it worth worlds. Thus hell doth jest
Away thy blessings, and extremely flout thee,
Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul loose about thee.

In

In time of ſervice ſeal up both thine eyes,
And ſend them to thine heart; that ſpying ſinne,
They may weep out the ſtains by them did riſe:
Thoſe doores being ſhut, all by the eare comes in.
Who marks in church-time others ſymmetrie,
Makes all their beautie his deformitie.

Let vain or buſie thoughts have there no part:
Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleaſures thither.
Chriſt purg'd his temple; ſo muſt thou thy heart.
All worldly thoughts are but theeves met together
To cozen thee. Look to thy actions well:
For churches are either our heav'n or hell.

Judge not the preacher; for he is thy judge:
If thou miſlike him, thou conceiv'ſt him not.
God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
To pick out treaſures from an earthen pot.
The worſt ſpeak ſomething good: if all want ſenſe,
God takes a text, and preacheth patience.

He that gets patience, and the bleſſing which
Preachers conclude with, hath not loſt his pains.
He that by being at church eſcapes the ditch,
Which he might fall in by companions, gains.
He that loves Gods abode, and to combine
With Saints on earth, ſhall one day with them ſhine.

Jeſt not at preachers language or expreſſion:
How knowſt thou but thy ſinnes made him miſcarrie?
Then turn thy faults and his into confeſſion:
God ſent him, whatſoe're he be: O tarry,
And love him for his Maſter: his condition,
Though it be ill, makes him no ill Phyſician.

None

None shall in hell such bitter pangs endure,
As those who mock at Gods way of salvation.
Whom oyl and balsams kill, what salve can cure?
They drink with greedinesse a full damnation.
The Jews refused thunder; and we, folly.
Though God do hedge us in, yet who is holy?

Summe up at night what thou hast done by day;
And in the morning, what thou hast to do.
Dresse and undresse thy soul: mark the decay
And growth of it: if with thy watch, that too
Be down, then wind up both: since we shall be
Most surely judg'd, make thy accounts agree.

In brief, acquit thee bravely: play the man.
Look not on pleasures as they come, but go.
Deferre not the least vertue: life's poore span
Make not an ell, by trifling in thy wo.
If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains:
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

¶ Superliminare.

THou, whom the former precepts have
Sprinkled, and taught how to behave
Thy self in church; approch, and taste
The churches mistycall repast.

AVoid profaneneſſe; come not here:
Nothing but holy, pure, and clear,
Or that which groneth to be ſo,
May at his peril further go.

¶ The Altar.

A broken ALTAR, Lord, thy ſervant rears,
Made of a heart, and cemented with tears,
Whoſe parts are as thy hand did frame;
No workmans tool hath touch'd the ſame.

A HEART alone
Is ſuch a ſtone,
As nothing but
Thy power doth cut.
Wherefore each part
Of my hard heart
Meets in this frame,
To praiſe thy name:

That, if I chance to hold my peace,
Theſe ſtones to praiſe thee may not ceaſe.

O let thy bleſſed SACRIFICE be mine,
And ſanctifie this ALTAR to be thine.

The Sacrifice.

OH all ye who passe by, whose eyes and mind
To worldly things are sharp, but to me blind;
To me, who took eyes that I might you find.
Was ever grief like mine

The Princes of my people make a head
Against their Maker: they do wish me dead,
Who cannot wish, except I give them bread.
Was ever grief, &c.

Without me each one, who doth now me brave,
Had to this day been an Egyptian slave.
They use that power against me, which I gave.
Was ever grief, &c.

Mine own Apostle, who the bag did bear,
Though he had all I had, did not forbear
To sell me also, and to put me there.
Was ever grief, &c.

For thirty pence he did my death devise,
Who at three hundred did the ointment prize,
Not half so sweet as my sweet sacrifice.
Was ever grief, &c.

Therefore my soul melts, and my hearts deare treasure
Drops bloud (the onely beads) my words to measure:
Oh let this cup passe, if it be thy pleasure.
Was ever grief, &c.

These drops being temper'd with a sinners tears,
A Balsam are for both the Hemispheres,
Curing all wounds, but mine; all, but my fears.
Was ever grief, &c.

Yet my Disciples sleep: I cannot gain
One houre of watching; but their drowsie brain
Comforts not me, and doth my doctrine stain.
Was ever grief like mine?

Arise, arise, they come: Look how they runne!
Alas! what haste they make to be undone!
How with their lanterns do they seek the sunne!
Was ever grief, &c.

With clubs and staves they seek me as a thief,
Who am the way of truth, the true relief;
Most true to those who are my greatest grief.
Was ever grief, &c.

Judas, dost thou betray me with a kisse?
Canst thou find hell about my lips? and misse
Of life, just at the gates of life and blisse?
Was ever grief, &c.

See, they lay hold on me, not with the hands
Of faith, but furie: yet as slack commands
I suffer binding, who have loos'd their bands.
Was ever grief, &c.

All my Disciples flee; fear puts a barre
Betwixt my friends and me. They leave that starre
That brought the wise-men of the East from farre.
Was ever grief, &c.

Then from one ruler to another bound
They lead me; urging, that it was not sound
What I taught: Comments would the text confound.
Was ever grief, &c.

The priest and rulers all false witnesse seek
'Gainst him, who seeks not life, but is the meek
And ready Paschal Lambe of this great week.
Was ever grief, &c.

Then

Then they accuse me of great blasphemie,
That I did thrust into the Deitie,
Who never thought that any robberie.
Was ever grief like mine?

Some said, that I the Temple to the floore
In three dayes ras'd, and raised as before.
Why, he that built the world can do much more.
Was ever grief, &c.

Then they condemn me all with that same breath,
Which I do give them daily, unto death.
Thus *Adam* my first breathing rendereth.
Was ever grief, &c.

They bind, and lead me unto *Herod*: he
Sends me to *Pilate*. This makes them agree;
But yet their friendship is my enmitie.
Was ever grief, &c.

Herod and all his bands do set me light,
Who teach all hands to warre, fingers to fight,
And onely am the Lord of hosts and might.
Was ever grief, &c.

Herod in judgement sits, while I do stand,
Examines me with a censorious hand:
Him obey, who all things else command.
Was ever grief, &c.

The *Jews* accuse me with despitefulnesse;
And vying malice with my gentlenesse,
Pick quarrels with their onely happinesse.
Was ever grief, &c.

Answer nothing; but with patience prove
If stony hearts will melt with gentle love.
But who does hawk at eagles with a dove?
Was ever grief, &c.

My

My ſilence rather doth augment their crie;
My dove doth back into my boſome flie,
Becauſe the raging waters ſtill are high.
Was ever grief like mine?

Heark how they cry aloud ſtill, *Crucifie:*
It is not fit he live a day, they crie,
Who cannot live leſſe then eternally.
Was ever grief, &c.

Pilate, a ſtranger, holdeth off: but they,
Mine own deare people, cry, *Away, Away*,
With noiſes confuſed frighting the day.
Was ever grief, &c.

Yet ſtill they ſhout, and crie, and ſtop their eares,
Putting my life among their ſinnes and fears,
And therefore with *my blood on them and theirs.*
Was ever grief, &c.

See how ſpite cankers things! Theſe words aright
Uſed, and wiſhed, are the whole worlds light:
But hony is their gall, brightneſſe their night.
Was ever grief, &c.

They chooſe a murderer, and all agree
In him to do themſelves a curteſie:
For it was their own cauſe who killed me.
Was ever grief, &c.

And a ſeditious murderer he was:
But I the prince of peace; peace that doth paſſe
All underſtanding, more then heav'n doth glaſſe.
Was ever grief, &c.

Why, Ceſar is their onely king, not I:
He clave the ſtonie rock, when they were drie;
But ſurely not their hearts, as I well trie.
Was ever grief, &c.

A

Ah! how they ſcourge me! yet my tenderneſſe
Doubles each laſh: and yet their bitterneſſe
Winds up my grief to a myſteriousneſſe.
Was ever grief like mine?

They buffet me, and box me as they liſt,
Who graſp the earth and heaven with my fiſt,
And never yet whom I would puniſh, miſs'd.
Was ever grief, &c.

Behold, they ſpit on me in ſcornfull wiſe,
Who by my ſpittle gave the blind man eyes,
Leaving his blindneſſe to mine enemies.
Was ever grief, &c.

My face they cover, though it be divine.
As *Moſes* face was vailed, ſo is mine,
Leſt on their double-dark ſouls either ſhine.
Was ever grief, &c.

Servants and abjects flout me; they are wittie:
Now propheſie who ſtrikes thee, is their dittie.
So they in me deny themſelves all pitie.
Was ever grief, &c.

And now I am deliver'd unto death,
Which each one calls for ſo with utmoſt breath,
That he before me wellnigh ſuffereth.
Was ever grief, &c.

Weep not, deare friends, ſince I for both have wept
When all my tears were bloud, the while you ſlept:
Your tears for your own fortunes ſhould be kept.
Was ever grief, &c.

The ſouldiers lead me to the common hall;
There they deride me, they abuſe me all:
Yet for twelve heav'nly legions I could call.
Was ever grief, &c.

Then

Then with a ſcarlet robe they me aray ;
Which ſhews my bloud to be the onely way,
And cordiall left to repair mans decay.
Was ever grief like mine?

Then on my head a crown of thorns I wear;
For theſe are all the grapes Sion doth bear,
Though I my vine planted and watred there.
Was ever grief, &c.

So fits the earths great curſe in *Adams* fall
Upon my head: ſo I remove it all
From th' earth unto my brows, and bear the thrall.
Was ever grief, &c.

Then with the reed they gave to me before,
They ſtrike my head, the rock from whence all ſtore
Of heav'nly bleſſings iſſue evermore.
Was ever grief, &c.

They bow their knees to me, and cry, *Hail king.*
What ever ſcoffs or ſcornfulneſſe can bring,
I am the floore, the ſink, where they it fling.
Was ever grief, &c.

Yet ſince mans ſceptres are as frail as reeds,
And thorny all their crowns, bloudy their weeds;
I, who am Truth, turn into truth their deeds.
Was ever grief, &c.

The ſouldiers alſo ſpit upon that face,
Which Angels did deſire to have the grace,
And prophets once to ſee, but found no place.
Was ever grief, &c.

Thus trimmed forth they bring me to the rout,
Who *Crucifie him* cry with one ſtrong ſhout,
God holds his peace at man, and man cries out.
Was ever grief, &c.

They

They lead me in once more, and putting then
Mine own clothes on, they lead me out agen.
Whom devils flie, thus is he toss'd of men.
Was ever grief like mine?

And now wearie of sport, glad to ingrosse
All spite in one, counting my life their losse,
They carrie me to my most bitter crosse.
Was ever grief, &c.

My crosse I bear my self, untill I faint:
Then Simon bears it for me by constraint,
The decreed burden of each mortall Saint.
Was ever grief, &c.

O all ye who passe by, behold and see:
Man stole the fruit, but I must climbe the tree;
The tree of life to all, but onely me.
Was ever grief, &c.

Lo, here I hang, charg'd with a world of sinne,
The greater world o'th' two: for that came in
By words, but this by sorrow I must win.
Was ever grief, &c.

Such sorrow, as if sinfull man could feel,
Or feel his part, he would not cease to kneel,
Till all were melted, though he were all steel.
Was ever grief, &c.

But, *O my God, my God!* why leav'st thou me,
The Sonne, in whom thou dost delight to be?
My God, my God ------
Never was grief like mine.

Shame tears my soul, my body many a wound;
Sharp nails pierce this, but sharper that confound;
Reproches, which are free, while I am bound.
Was ever grief, &c.

Now heal thy ſelf, Phyſician; now come down.
Alas! I did ſo, when I left my crown
And fathers ſmile for you, to feel his frown.
Was ever grief like mine?

In healing not my ſelf, there doth conſiſt
All that ſalvation, which ye now reſiſt;
Your ſafetie in my ſickneſſe doth ſubſiſt.
Was ever grief, &c.

Betwixt two theeves I ſpend my utmoſt breath,
As he that for ſome robberie ſuffereth.
Alas! what have I ſtolen from you? death.
Was ever grief, &c.

A King my title is, prefixt on high;
Yet by my ſubjects I'm condemn'd to die
A ſervile death in ſervile companie.
Was ever grief, &c.

They gave me vineger mingled with gall,
But more with malice: yet, when they did call,
With Manna, Angels food, I fed them all.
Was ever grief, &c.

They part my garments, and by lot diſpoſe
My coat, the type of love, which once cur'd thoſe
Who ſought for help, never malicious foes.
Was ever grief, &c.

Nay, after death their ſpite ſhall further go:
For they will pierce my ſide, I full well know;
That as ſinne came, ſo Sacraments might flow.
Was ever grief, &c.

But now I die; now all is finiſhed,
My woe, mans weal: and now I bow my head.
Onely let others ſay, when I am dead,
Never was grief like mine!

¶ The

¶ The Thanksgiving.

OH King of grief! (a title strange, yet true,
To thee of all kings onely due)
Oh King of wounds! how shall I grieve for thee,
Who in all grief preventest me?
Shall I weep bloud? why, thou hast wept such store
That all thy body was one doore.
Shall I be scourged, flouted, boxed, sold?
'Tis but to tell the tale is told.
My God, my God, why dost thou part from me?
Was such a grief as cannot be.
Shall I then sing, skipping thy dolefull storie,
And side with thy triumphant glory?
Shall thy strokes be my stroking? thorns, my flower?
Thy rod, my posie? crosse, my bower?
But how then shall I imitate thee, and
Copie thy fair, though bloudie, hand?
Surely I will revenge me on thy love,
And trie who shall victorious prove.
If thou dost give me wealth, I will restore
All back unto thee by the poore.
If thou dost give me honour, men shall see
The honour doth belong to thee.
I will not marry; or, if she be mine,
She and her children shall be thine.
My bosome-friend, if he blaspheme thy name,
I will tear thence his love and fame.
One half of me being gone, the rest I give
Unto some Chappell, die or live.
As for thy passion --- But of that anon,
When with the other I have done.
For thy predestination, I'le contrive,
That three years hence, If I survive,

I'le build a ſpittle, or mend common wayes,
But mend mine own without delayes.
Then I will uſe the works of thy creation,
As if I uſ'd them but for faſhion.
The world and I will quarrel; and the yeare
Shall not perceive that I am here.
My muſick ſhall find thee, and ev'ry ſtring
Shall have his attributе to ſing;
That altogether may accord in thee,
And prove one God, one harmonie.
If thou ſhalt give me wit, it ſhall appear,
If thou haſt giv'n it me, 'tis here.
Nay, I will reade thy book, and never move
Till I have found therein thy love;
Thy art of love, which I'le turn back on thee,
O my deare Saviour, Victorie!
Then for thy paſſion--- I will do for that---
Alas! my God, I know not what.

¶ The Repriſall.

I Have conſider'd it, and find
There is no dealing with thy mighty paſſion:
For though I die for thee, I am behind;
My ſinnes deſerve the condemnation.

O make me innocent, that I
May give a diſentangled ſtate and free:
And yet thy wounds ſtill my attempts defie,
For by thy death I die for thee.

Ah! was it not enough that thou
By thy eternall glory didſt outgo me?
Couldſt thou not griefs ſad conqueſt me allow,
But in all vict'ries overthrow me?

Yet

Yet by confeſſion will I come
Into the conqueſt. Though I can do nought
Againſt thee, in thee I will overcome
The man, who once againſt thee fought.

¶ The Agonie.

PHiloſophers have meaſur'd mountains,
Fathom'd the depths of ſeas, of ſtates, and kings;
Walk'd with a ſtaff to heav'n, and traced fountains:
But their are two vaſt, ſpacious things,
The which to meaſure it doth more behove:
Yet few there are that ſound them; Sinne and Love.

Who would know Sinne, let him repair
Unto mount Olivet; there ſhall he ſee
A man ſo wrung with pains, that all his hair,
His skinne, his garments bloudy be.
Sinne is that Preſſe and Vice, which forceth pain
To hunt his cruel food through ev'ry vein.

Who knows not Love, let him aſſay
And taſte that juice, which on the croſſe a pike
Did ſet again abroach; then let him ſay
If ever he did taſte the like.
Love is that liquour ſweet and moſt divine,
Which my God feels as bloud; but I, as wine.

¶ The sinner.

LOrd, how I am all ague, when I seek
What I have treasur'd in my memorie!
Since, if my soul make even with the week,
Each seventh note by right is due to thee.

I find there quarries of pil'd vanities,
But shreds of holinesse, that dare not venture
To shew their face, since crosse to thy decrees;
There the circumference earth is, heav'n the centre.

In so much dregs the quintessence is small:
The spirit and good extract of my heart
Comes to about the many hundredth part.
Yet Lord restore thine image, heare my call: I grone,
And though my hard heart scarce to thee can
Remember that thou once didst write in stone.

¶ Good-Friday.

O My chief good,
How shall I measure out thy bloud?
How shall I count what thee befell,
And each grief tell?

Shall I thy woes
Number according to thy foes?
Or, since one starre shew'd thy first breath,
Shall all thy death?

Or shall each leaf,
Which falls in Autumn, score a grief?
Or cannot leaves, but fruit, be signe
Of the true vine?

Then

Then let each houre
Of my whole life one grief devoure;
That thy diſtreſſe through all may runne,
And be my ſunne.

Or rather let
My ſev'rall ſinnes their ſorrows get;
That, as each beaſt his cure doth know,
Each ſinne may ſo.

SInce bloud is fitteſt, Lord, to write
Thy ſorrows in, and bloudy fight;
My heart hath ſtore; write there, where in
One box doth lie both ink and ſinne:

That, when Sinne ſpies ſo many foes,
Thy whips, thy nails, thy wounds, thy woes,
All come to lodge there, Sinne may ſay,
No room for me, and flie away.

Sinne being gone, oh fill the place,
And keep poſſeſſion with thy grace;
Leſt ſinne take courage and return,
And all the writings blot or burn.

¶ Redemption.

HAving been tenant long to a rich Lord,
Not thriving, I reſolved to be bold,
And make a ſuit unto him, to afford
A new ſmall-rented leaſe, and cancell th' old.

In heaven at his manour I him ſought:
They told me there that he was lately gone
About ſome land which he had dearly bought
Long ſince on earth, to take poſſeſſion.

I ſtraight return'd, and knowing his great birth,
Sought him accordingly in great reſorts;
In cities, theatres, gardens, parks, and courts:
At length I heard a ragged noiſe and mirth
Of thieves and murderers: there I him eſpied,
Who ſtraight, *Your ſuit is granted*, ſaid, and died.

¶ Sepulchre.

O Bleſſed body! Whither art thou thrown?
No lodging for thee, but a cold hard ſtone?
So many hearts on earth, and yet not one
Receive thee?

Sure there is room within our hearts good ſtore;
For they can lodge tranſgreſſions by the ſcore:
Thouſands of toyes dwell there, yet out of doore
They leave thee.

But that which ſhews them large, ſhews them unfit.
What ever ſinne did this pure rock commit,
Which holds thee now? Who hath indited it
Of murder?

Where our hard hearts have took up ſtones to brain thee,
And miſſing this, moſt falſly did arraigne thee;
Onely theſe ſtones in quiet entertain thee,
And order.

And as of old the Law by heav'nly art
Was writ in ſtone; ſo thou, which alſo art
The letter of the word, find'ſt no fit heart
To hold thee.

Yet do we ſtill perſiſt as we began,
And ſo ſhould periſh, but that nothing can,
Though it be cold, hard, foul, from loving man
Withhold thee.

¶. Easter.

RIſe heart; thy Lord is riſen. Sing his praiſe
Without delayes,
Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewiſe
With him mayſt riſe:
That, as his death calcined thee to duſt,
His life may make thee gold, and much more, Juſt.

Awake, my lute, and ſtruggle for thy part
With all thy art.
The croſſe taught all wood to reſound his name,
Who bore the ſame.
His ſtretched ſinews taught all ſtrings, what key
Is beſt to celebrate this moſt high day.

Conſort both heart and lute, and twiſt a ſong
Pleaſant and long:
Or, ſince all muſick is but three parts vied,
And multiplied;
O let thy bleſſed Spirit bear a part,
And make up our defects with his ſweet art.

I Got me flowers to ſtraw thy way;
I got me boughs off many a tree:
But thou waſt up by break of day,
And brought'ſt thy ſweets along with thee.

The Sunne ariſing in the Eaſt,
Though he give light, and th' Eaſt perfume;
If they ſhould offer to conteſt
With thy ariſing, they preſume.

Can their be any day but this,
Though many ſunnes to ſhine endeavour?
We count three hundred, but we miſſe:
There is but one, and that one ever.

¶ Easter-wings.

Lord, who createdſt man in wealth and ſtore,
Though fooliſhly he loſt the ſame,
Decaying more and more,
Till he became
Moſt poore:

With thee
O let me riſe
As larks, harmoniouſly,
And ſing this day thy victories:
Then ſhall the fall further the flight in me.

¶ Easter-wings.

¶ H. Ba.

My tender age in sorrow did beginne:
And still with sicknesses and shame
Thou didst so punish sinne,
That I became
Most thinne.

With thee
Let me combine,
And feel this day thy victorie:
For, if I imp my wing on thine,
Affliction shall advance the flight in me.

¶ H. Baptiſme.

AS he that ſees a dark and ſhadie grove,
Stayes not, but looks beyond it one the skie;
So when I view my ſinnes, mine eyes remove
More backward ſtill, and to that water flie,

Which is above the heav'ns, whoſe ſpring and vent
Is in my deare Redeemers pierced ſide.
O bleſſed ſtreams! either ye do prevent
And ſtop our ſinnes from growing thick and wide,

Or elſe give tears to drown them, as they grow.
In you Redemtion meaſures all my time,
And ſpreades the plaiſter equall to the crime,
You taught the book of life my name, that ſo

What ever future ſinnes ſhould me miſcall,
Your firſt acquaintance might diſcredit all.

¶ H. Baptiſme.

SInce, Lord, to thee
A narrow way and little gate
Is all the paſſage, on my infancie
Thou didſt lay hold, and antedate
My faith in me.

O let me ſtill
Write thee great God, and me a child:
Let me be ſoft and ſupple to thy will,
Small to my ſelf, to others mild,
Behither ill.

Although by ſtealth
My fleſh get on; yet let her ſiſter
My ſoul bid nothing, but preſerve her wealth:
The growth of fleſh is but a bliſter;
Childhood is health.

¶ Nature.

FUll of rebellion, I would die,
Or fight, or travel, or denie
That thou haſt ought to do with me.
O tame my heart!
It is thy higheſt art
To captivate ſtrong holds to thee.

If thou ſhalt let this venime lurk,
And in ſuggeſtions fume and work,
My ſoul will turn to bubbles ſtraight,
And thence by kind
Vaniſh into a wind,
Making thy workmanſhip deceit.

O ſmooth my rugged heart, and there
Engrave thy rev'rend Law and fear:
Or make a new one, ſince the old
Is ſapleſſe grown,
And a much fitter ſtone
To hide my duſt, then thee to hold.

¶ Sinne.

LOrd, with what care haſt thou begirt us round!
Parents firſt ſeaſon us: then ſchoolmaſters
Deliver us to laws; they ſend us bound
To rules of reaſon, holy meſſengers,

Pulpits and ſundayes, ſorrow dogging ſinne,
Affli&tions ſorted, anguiſh of all ſizes,
Fine nets and ſtratagemes to catch us in,
Bibles laid open, millions of ſurpriſes,

Bleſſings

Blessings beforehand, tyes of gratefulnesse,
The sound of glory ringing in our eares:
Without, our shame; within, our consciences;
Angels and grace, eternall hopes and fears.

Yet all these fences and their whole aray
One cunning bosome-sinne blows quite away.

¶ Affliction.

When first thou didst entice to thee my heart,
I thought the service brave:
So many joyes I writ down for my part,
Besides what I might have
Out of my stock of naturall delights,
Augmented with thy gracious benefits.

I looked on thy furniture so fine,
And made it fine to me:
Thy glorious houshold-stuff did me entwine,
And 'tice me unto thee.
Such starres I counted mine: both heav'n and earth
Payd me my wages in a world of mirth.

What pleasures could I want, whose King I served,
Where joyes my fellows were?
Thus argu'd into hopes, my thoughts reserved
No place for grief or fear.
Therefore my sudden soul caught at the place,
And made her youth and fierceness seek thy face.

At first thou gav'st me milk and sweetnesses;
I had my wish and way:
My dayes were straw'd with flow'rs and happinesse;
There was no moneth but May.
But with my years sorrow did twist and grow,
And made a party unawares for wo.

My

My flesh began unto my soul in pain,
Sicknesses cleave my bones;
Consuming agues dwell in ev'ry vein,
And tune my breath to grones:
Sorrow was all my soul; I scarce believed,
Till grief did tell me roundly, that I lived.

When I got health, thou took'st away my life,
And more; for my friends die:
My mirth and edge was lost; a blunted knife
Was of more use then I.
Thus thinne and lean without a fence or friend,
I was blown through with ev'ry storm and wind.

Where as my birth and spirit rather took
The way that takes the town,
Thou didst betray me to a lingring book,
And wrap me in a gown,
I was entangled in the world of strife,
Before I had the power to change my life.

Yet, for I threatned oft the siege to raise,
Not simpring all mine age,
Thou often didst with Academick praise
Melt and dissolve my rage.
I took thy sweetned pill, till I came where
I could not go away, nor persevere.

Yet, lest perchance I should too happie be
In my unhappinesse,
Turning my purge to food, thou throwest me
Into more sicknesses.
Thus doth thy power crosse-bias me, not making
Thine own gift good, yet me from my wayes taking.

Now

Now I am here, what thou wilt do with me
None of my books will show:
I reade, and sigh, and wish I were a tree;
For sure then I should grow
To fruit or shade: at least some bird would trust
Her houshold to me, and I should be just.

Yet, though thou troublest me, I must be meek;
In weaknesse must be stout.
Well, I will change the service, and go seek
Some other master out.
Ah my dear God! though I am clean forgot,
Let me not love thee, if I love thee not.

Repentance.

LOrd, I confesse my sinne is great;
Great is my sinne. Oh! gently treat
With thy quick flow'r, thy momentanie bloom;
Whose life still pressing
Is one undressing,
A steady aiming at a tombe.

Mans age is two houres work, or three:
Each day doth round about us see,
Thus are we to delights: but we are all
To sorrows old,
If life be told
From what life feeleth, Adams fall.

O let thy height of mercie then
Compassionate short-breathed men.
Cut me not off for my most foul transgression.
I do confesse
My foolishnesse;
My God, accept of my confession.

Sweeten

Sweeten at length this bitter bowl,
Which thou haſt pour'd into my ſoul:
Thy wormwood turn to health, winds to fair weather:
For if thou ſtay,
I and this day,
As we did riſe, we die together.

When thou for ſinne rebukeſt man,
Forthwith he waxeth wo and wan:
Bitterneſſe fills our bowels; all our hearts
Pine and decay,
And drop away,
And carrie with them th' other parts.

But thou wilt ſinne and grief deſtroy;
That ſo the broken bones may joy,
And tune together in a well-ſet ſong,
Full of his praiſes,
Who dead men raiſes.
Fractures well cur'd make us more ſtrong.

¶ Faith.

LOrd, how couldſt thou ſo much appeaſe
Thy wrath for ſinne, as when mans ſight was dimme
And could ſee little, to regard his eaſe,
And bring by Faith all things to him?

Hungrie I was, and had no meat:
I did conceit a moſt delicious feaſt;
I had it ſtraight, and did as truly eat,
As ever did a welcome gueſt.

There is a rare outlandiſh root,
Which when I could not get, I thought it here:
That apprehenſion cur'd ſo well my foot,
That I can walk to heav'n well neare.

I owed thouſands and much more;
I did believe that I did nothing ow,
And liv'd accordingly: my creditour
Believes ſo too, and lets me go.

Faith makes me any thing, or all
That I believe is in the ſacred ſtorie:
And where ſinne placeth me in Adams fall,
Faith ſets me higher in his glorie.

If I go lower in the book,
What can be lower then the common manger?
Faith puts me there with him, who ſweetly took
Our fleſh and frailtie, death and danger.

If bliſſe had lien in art or ſtrength,
None but the wiſe or ſtrong had gained it:
Where now by faith all arms are of a length;
One ſize doth all conditions fit.

A peaſant may believe as much
As a great Clerk, and reach the higheſt ſtature.
Thus doſt thou make proud knowledge bend & crouch
While Grace fills up uneven Nature.

When creatures had no reall light
Inherent in them, thou didſt make the ſunne
Impute a luſtre, and allow them bright;
And in this ſhew what Chriſt hath done.

That which before was darkned clean
With buſhie groves, pricking the lookers eye,
Vaniſht away, when faith did change the ſcene:
And then appear'd a glorious skie.

What though my body runne to duſt?
Faith cleaves unto it, counting ev'ry grain
With an exact and moſt particular truſt,
Reſerving all for fleſh again.

¶ Prayer.

¶ Prayer.

PRayer the Churches banquet, Angels age,
Gods breath in man returning to his birth,
The ſoul in paraphraſe, heart in pilgrimage,
The Chriſtian plummet ſounding heav'n and earth,

Engine againſt th' Almightie, ſinners towre,
Reverſed thunder, Chriſt-ſide-piercing ſpear,
The ſix-dayes world-tranſpoſing in an houre,
A kind of tune, which all things hear and fear,

Softneſſe, and peace, and joy, and love, and bliſſe,
Exalted Manna, gladneſſe of the beſt,
Heaven in ordinarie, man well dreſt,
The milkie way, the bird of Paradiſe,
Church-bells beyond the ſtarres heard, the ſouls (bloud,
The land of ſpices, ſomething underſtood.

¶ The H. Communion.

NOt in rich furniture, or fine aray,
Nor in a wedge of gold,
Thou, who for me waſt ſold,
To me doſt now thy ſelf convey;
For ſo thou ſhould'ſt without me ſtill have been,
Leaving within me ſinne:

But by the way of nouriſhment and ſtrength,
Thou creep'ſt into my breaſt;
Making thy way my reſt,
And thy ſmall quantities my length;
Which ſpread their forces into ev'ry part,
Meeting ſinnes force and art.

Yet

Yet can theſe not get over to my ſoul,
Leaping the wall that parts
Our ſouls and fleſhly hearts;
But as th' outworks, they may controll
My rebell-fleſh, and carrying thy name,
Affright both ſinne and ſhame.

Onely thy grace, which with theſe elements comes,
Knoweth the ready way,
And hath the privie key,
Op'ning the ſouls moſt ſubtile rooms:
While thoſe to ſpirits refin'd, at doore attend
Diſpatches from their friend.

GIve me my captive ſoul, or take
My body alſo thither.
Another lift like this will make
Them both to be together.

Before that ſinne turn'd fleſh to ſtone,
And all our lump to leaven;
A fervent ſigh might well have blown
Our innocent earth to heaven.

For ſure when Adam did not know
To ſinne, or ſinne to ſmother;
He might to heav'n from paradiſe go,
As from one room t' another.

Thou haſt reſtor'd us to this eaſe
By this thy heav'nly bloud,
Which I can go to, when I pleaſe,
And leave th' earth to their food.

¶ Antiphon.

¶ Antiphon.

Cho. LEt all the world in ev'ry corner ſing,
My God and King.

Vers. The heav'ns are not too high,
His praiſe may thither flie;
The earth is not too low,
His praiſes there may grow.

Cho. Let all the world in ev'ry corner ſing,
My God and King.

Vers. The church with pſalmes muſt ſhout,
No doore can keep them out:
But above all, the heart
Muſt bear the longeſt part.

Cho. Let all the world in ev'ry corner ſing,
My God and King.

¶ Love I.

IMmortall Love, authour of this great frame,
Sprung from that beautie which can never fade;
How hath man parcell'd out thy glorious name,
And thrown it on that duſt which thou haſt made,

While mortall love doth all the title gain!
Which ſiding with invention, they together
Bear all the ſway, poſſeſſing heart and brain,
(Thy workmanſhip) and give thee ſhare in neither.

Wit

Wit fancies beautie, beautie raiſeth wit:
The world is theirs; they two play out the game,
Thou ſtanding by: and though thy glorious name
Wrought our deliverance from th' infernall pit,

Who ſings thy praiſe? onely a ſcarf or glove (love.
Doth warm our hands, and make them write of

II.

IMmortall Heat, O let thy greater flame
Attract the leſſer to it! let thoſe fires,
Which ſhall conſume the world, firſt make it tame,
And kindle in our hearts ſuch true deſires,

As may conſume our luſts, and make thee way.
Then ſhall our hearts pant thee; then ſhall our brain
All her invention on thine Altar lay,
And there in hymnes ſend back thy fire again.

Our eyes ſhall ſee thee, which before ſaw duſt;
Duſt blown by wit, till that they both were blind:
Thou ſhalt recover all thy goods in kind,
Who wert diſſeized by uſurping luſt:

All knees ſhall bowe to thee; all wits ſhall riſe,
And praiſe him who did make and mend our eyes.

¶ The Temper.

HOw ſhould I praiſe thee, Lord! how ſhould my (rhymes
Gladly engrave thy loves in ſteel,
If what my ſoul doth feel ſometimes,
My ſoul might ever feel!

Al-

Although there were ſome fourtie heav'ns, or more,
Sometimes I peer above them all;
Sometimes I hardly reach a ſcore;
Sometimes to hell I fall.

O rack me not to ſuch a vaſt extent;
Thoſe diſtances belong to thee:
The world 's too little for thy tent,
A grave too big for me.

Wilt thou meet arms with man, that thou doſt ſtretch
A crumbe of duſt from heav'n to hell?
Will great God meaſure with a wretch?
Shall he thy ſtature ſpell?

O let me, when thy roof my ſoul hath hid,
O let me rooſt and neſtle there:
Then of a ſinner thou art rid,
And I of hope and fear.

Yet take thy way; for ſure thy way is beſt:
Stretch or contract me thy poore debter:
This is but tuning of my breaſt,
To make the muſick better.

Whether I flie with angels, fall with duſt,
Thy hands made both, and I am there.
Thy power and love, my love and truſt
Make one place ev'ry where.

¶ The Temper.

IT cannot be. Where is that mightie Joy,
Which juſt now took up all my heart?
Lord, if thou muſt needs uſe thy dart,
Save that, and me, or ſinne for both deſtroy.

The

The groſſer world ſtands to thy word and art;
But thy diviner world of grace
Thou ſuddenly doſt raiſe and raſe,
And ev'ry day a new Creatour art.

O fix thy chair of grace, that all my powers
May alſo fix their reverence:
For when thou doſt depart from hence,
They grow unruly, and ſit in thy bowers.

Scatter, or bind them all to bend to thee:
Though elements change, and heaven move,
Let not thy higher Court remove,
But keep a ſtanding Majeſtie in me.

¶ Jordan.

WHo ſayes that fictions onely and falſe hair
Become a verſe? Is there in truth no beautie?
Is all good ſtructure in a winding ſtair?
May no lines paſſe, except they do their dutie
Not to a true, but painted chair?

Is it no verſe, except enchanted groves
And ſudden arbours ſhadow courſe-ſpunne lines?
Muſt purling ſtreams refreſh a lovers loves?
Muſt all be vail'd, while he that reades, divines,
Catching the ſenſe at two removes!

Shepherds are honeſt people; let them ſing:
Riddle who liſt, for me, and pull for Prime:
I envie no mans nightingale or ſpring:
Nor let them puniſh me with loſſe of rhyme,
Who plainly ſay, *My God, My King.*

¶ Employ-

¶ Employment.

IF as a flower doth ſpreade and die,
Thou wouldſt extend me to ſome good,
Before I were by froſts extremitie
Nipt in the bud,

The ſweetneſſe and the praiſe were thine:
But the extenſion and the room,
Which in thy garland I ſhould fill, were mine
At thy great doom.

For as thou doſt impart thy grace,
The greater ſhall our glorie be.
The meaſure of our joyes is in this place,
The ſtuff with thee.

Let me not languiſh then, and ſpend
A life as barren to thy praiſe,
As is the duſt, to which that life doth tend,
But with delayes.

All things are buſie; onely I
Neither bring hony with the bees,
Nor flowers to make that, nor the husbandrie
To water theſe.

I am no link of thy great chain,
But all my companie is a weed.
Lord place me in thy conſort; give one ſtrain
To my poore reed.

The H. Scriptures. I.

O Book! infinite sweetnesse! let my heart
Suck ev'ry letter, and a honie gain,
Precious for any grief in any part;
To clear the breast, to mollifie all pain.

Thou art all health, health thriving, till it make
A full eternitie: thou art a masse
Of strange delights, where we may wish & take.
Ladies, look here; this is the thankfull glasse

That mends the lookers eyes: this is the well
That washes what it shows. Who can indeare
Thy praise too much? thou art heav'ns Leiger here,
Working against the states of death and hell.

Thou art joyes handsel: heav'n lies flat in thee,
Subject to ev'ry mounters bended knee.

II.

OH that I knew how all thy lights combine,
And the configurations of their glorie!
Seeing not onely how each verse doth shine,
But all the constellations of the storie.

This verse marks that, and both do make a motion
Unto a third, that ten leaves off doth lie:
Then, as dispersed herbs do watch a potion,
These three make up some Christians destinie.

Such

Such are thy ſecrets, which my life makes good,
And comments on thee: for in ev'ry thing
Thy words do find me out, and parallels bring,
And in another make me underſtood.

Starres are poore books, and oftentimes do miſſe:
This book of ſtarres lights to eternall bliſſe.

¶ Whitſunday.

LIſten ſweet Dove unto my ſong,
And ſpreade thy golden wings in me;
Hatching my tender heart ſo long,
Till it get wing, and flie away with thee.

Where is that fire which once deſcended
On thy Apoſtles? thou didſt then
Keep open houſe, richly attended,
Feaſting all comers by twelve choſen men.

Such glorious gifts thou didſt beſtow,
That th' earth did like a heav'n appear:
The ſtarres were coming down to know
If they might mend their wages, and ſerve here.

The ſunne, which once did ſhine alone,
Hung down his head, and wiſht for night,
When he beheld twelve ſunnes for one
Going about the world, and giving light.

But ſince thoſe pipes of gold, which brought
That cordiall water to our ground,
Were cut and martyr'd by the fault
Of thoſe, who did themſelves through their ſide wound

Thou ſhutt'ſt the doore, and keep'ſt within;
Scarce a good joy creeps through the chink:
And if the braves of conqu'ring ſinne
Did not excite thee, we ſhould wholly ſink.

Lord, though we change, thou art the ſame;
The ſame ſweet God of love and light:
Reſtore this day, for thy great Name,
Unto his ancient and miraculous right.

¶ Grace.

MY ſtock lies dead, and no increaſe
Doth my dull husbandrie improve:
O let thy graces without ceaſe
Drop from above!

If ſtill the ſunne ſhould hide his face,
Thy houſe would but a dungeon prove,
Thy works nights captives: O let grace
Drop from above!

The dew doth ev'ry morning fall;
And ſhall the dew out-ſtrip thy Dove?
The dew, for which graſſe cannot call,
Drop from above.

Death is ſtill working like a mole,
And digs my grave at each remove:
Let grace work too, and on my ſoul
Drop from above.

Sinne is ſtill hammering my heart
Unto a hardneſſe, void of love:
Let ſuppling grace, to croſſe his art,
Drop from above.

O come! for thou doſt know the way.
Or if to me thou wilt not move,
Remove me where I need not ſay,
Drop from above.

¶ Praiſe.

TO write a verſe or two, is all the praiſe,
That I can raiſe:
Mend my eſtate in any wayes,
Thou ſhalt have more.

I go to Church; help me to wings, and I
Will thither flie;
Or, if I mount unto the skie,
I will do more.

Man is all weakneſſe; there is no ſuch thing
As Prince or King:
His arm is ſhort; yet with a ſling
He may do more.

An herb diſtill'd, and drunk, may dwell next doore,
On the ſame floore,
To a brave ſoul: exalt the poore,
They can do more.

O raiſe me then! Poore bees, that work all day,
Sting my delay,
Who have a work, as well as they,
And much, much more.

Affliction.

KIll me not ev'ry day,
Thou Lord of life; ſince thy one death for me
Is more then all my deaths can be,
Though I in broken pay
Die over each houre of Methuſalems ſtay.

If all mens tears were let
Into one common ſewer, ſea, and brine;
What were they all, compar'd to thine?
Wherein if they were ſet,
They would diſcolour thy moſt bloudie ſweat.

Thou art my grief alone,
Thou Lord conceal it not: and as thou art
All my delight, ſo all my ſmart:
Thy croſſe took up in one,
By way of impreſt, all my future mone.

¶ Mattens.

I Cannot ope mine eyes,
But thou art ready there to catch
My morning ſoul and ſacrifice:
Then we muſt needs for that day make a match.

My God, what is a heart?
Silver, or gold, or precious ſtone,
Or ſtarre, or rainbow, or a part
Of all theſe things, or all of them in one?

My God, what is a heart,
That thou ſhouldſt it ſo eye and woo,
Pouring upon it all thy art,
As if that thou hadſt nothing elſe to do?

Indeed mans whole eſtate
Amounts (and richly) to ſerve thee:
He did not heav'n and earth create,
Yet ſtudies them, not him by whom they be.

Teach me thy love to know,
That this new light, which now I ſee,
May both the work and workman ſhow:
Then by a ſunne-beam I will climbe to thee.

¶ Sinne,

¶ Sinne.

OH that I could a ſinne once ſee!
We paint the devil foul; yet he
Hath ſome good in him, all agree.
Sinne is flat oppoſite to th' Almightie, ſeeing
It wants the good of *virtue*, and of *being*.

But God more care of us hath had:
If apparitions make us ſad,
By ſight of ſinne we ſhould grow mad.
Yet as in ſleep we ſee foul death, and live;
So devils are our ſinnes in perſpective.

¶ Even-ſong.

BLeſt be the God of love,
Who gave me eyes, and light, and power this day,
Both to be buſie, and to play.
But much more bleſt be God above,

Who gave me ſight alone,
Which to himſelf he did denie:
For when he ſees my wayes, I die:
But I have got his Sonne, and he hath none.

What have I brought thee home
For this thy love? have I diſcharg'd the debt,
Which this dayes favour did beget?
I ranne; but all I brought, was ſome.

Thy diet, care, and coſt
Do end in bubbles, balls of wind,
Of wind to thee whom I have croſt,
But balls of wild-fire to my troubled mind;

Yet ſtill thou goeſt on,
And now with darkneſſe cloſeſt wearie eyes,
Saying to man, *It doth ſuffice:*
Henceforth repoſe; your work is done.

Thus in thy Ebonie box
Thou doſt incloſe us, till the day
Put our amendment in our way,
And give new wheels to our diſorder'd clocks.

I muſe which ſhows more love,
The day or night: that is the gale, this th' harbour;
That is the walk, and this the arbour;
Or that the garden, this the grove.

My God, thou art all love.
Not one poore minute ſcapes thy breaſt,
But brings a favour from above:
And in this love, more then in bed, I reſt.

¶ Church-monuments.

WHile that my ſoul repairs to her devotion,
Here I intombe my fleſh, that it betimes
May take acquaintance of this heap of duſt;
To which the blaſt of deaths inceſſant motion,
Fed with the exhalation of our crimes,
Drives all at laſt. Therefore I gladly truſt

My bodie to this ſchool, that it may learn
To ſpell his elements, and find his birth
Written in duſtie heraldrie and lines:
Which diſſolution ſure doth beſt diſcern,
Comparing duſt with duſt, and earth with earth.
Theſe laugh at Jeat, and Marble put for ſignes;

To

To ſever the good fellowſhip of duſt,
And ſpoil the meeting. What ſhall point out them,
When they ſhall bowe, and kneel, and fall down flat
To kiſſe thoſe heaps, which now they have in truſt?
Deare fleſh, while I do pray, learn here thy ſtemme
And true deſcent: that when thou ſhalt grow fat,

And wanton in thy cravings, thou mayſt know,
That fleſh is but the glaſſe which holds the duſt
That meaſures all our time; which alſo ſhall
Be crumbled into duſt. Mark here below
How tame theſe aſhes are, how free from luſt,
That thou mayſt fit thy ſelf againſt thy fall.

¶ Church-muſick.

SWeeteſt of ſweets, I thank you: when diſpleaſure
Did through my bodie wound my mind,
You took me thence, and in your houſe of pleaſure
A dainty lodging me aſſign'd.

Now I in you without a bodie move,
Riſing and falling with your wings:
We both together ſweetly live and love,
Yet ſay ſometimes, *God help poore Kings.*

Comfort, I'le die; for if you poſte from me,
Sure I ſhall do ſo, and much more:
But if I travel in your companie,
You know the way to heavens doore.

¶ Church-lock and key.

I Know it is my ſinne, which locks thine ears,
And binds thy hands,
Out-crying my requeſts, drowning my tears;
Or elſe the chilneſſe of my faint demands.

But as cold hands are angry with the fire,
And mend it ſtill;
So I do lay the want of my deſire,
Not on my ſinnes, or coldneſſe, but thy will.

Yet heare, O God, onely for his blouds ſake
Which pleads for me:
For though ſinnes plead too, yet like ſtones they mak
His blouds ſweet current much more loud to be.

¶ The Church-floore.

MArk you the floore? that ſquare & ſpeckled ſtor.
Which looks ſo firm and ſtrong,
Is *Patience:*

And th' other black and grave, wherewith each one
Is checker'd all along,
Humilitie:

The gentle riſing, which on either hand
Leads to the Quire above,
Is *Confidence:*

But the ſweet cement, which in one ſure band
Ties the whole frame, is *Love*
And *Charitie.*

Hither ſometimes ſinne ſteals, and ſtains
The marbles neat and curious veins:
But all is cleanſed when the marble weeps.
Sometimes Death, puffing at the doore,
Blows all the duſt about the floore:
But while he thinks to ſpoil the room, he ſweeps.
Bleſt be the *Architect*, whoſe art
Could build ſo ſtrong in a weak heart.

¶ The

¶ The Windows.

LOrd, how can man preach thy eternall word?
He is a brittle crazie glaſſe:
Yet in thy temple thou doſt him afford
This glorious and tranſcendent place,
To be a window, through thy grace.

But when thou doſt anneal in glaſſe thy ſtorie,
Making thy life to ſhine within
The holy Preachers; then the light and glorie
More rev'rend grows, and more doth win,
Which elſe ſhews watriſh, bleak, and thin.

Doctrine and life, colours and light, in one
When they combine and mingle, bring
A ſtrong regard and aw: but ſpeech alone
Doth vaniſh like a flaring thing,
And in the eare, not conſcience, ring.

¶ Trinitie-ſunday.

LOrd, who haſt form'd me out of mud,
And haſt redeem'd me through thy bloud,
And ſanctifi'd me to do good;

Purge all my ſinnes done heretofore:
For I confeſſe my heavie ſcore,
And I will ſtrive to ſinne no more.

Enrich my heart, mouth, hands in me,
With faith, with hope, with charitie;
That I may runne, riſe, reſt with thee.

¶ Con-

¶ Content.

PEace mutt'ring thoughts, and do not grudge to keep
Within the walls of your own breaſt.
Who cannot on his own bed ſweetly ſleep,
Can on anothers hardly reſt.

Gad not abroad at ev'ry queſt and call
Of an untrained hope or paſſion.
To court each place or fortune that doth fall,
Is wantonneſſe in contemplation.

Mark how the fire in flints doth quiet lie,
Content and warm t' it ſelf alone:
But when it would appear to others eye,
Without a knock it never ſhone.

Give me the pliant mind, whoſe gentle meaſure
Complies and ſuits with all eſtates;
Which can let looſe to a crown, and yet with pleaſure
Take up within a cloiſters gates.

This ſoul doth ſpan the world, and hang content
From either pole unto the centre:
Where in each room of the well-furniſht tent
He lies warm, and without adventure.

The brags of life are but a nine-dayes wonder:
And after death the fumes that ſpring
From private bodies, make as big a thunder,
As thoſe which riſe from a huge King.

Onely thy Chronicle is loſt: and yet
Better by worms be all out-ſpent,
Then to have helliſh moths ſtill gnaw and fret
Thy name in books, which may not vent:

When

When all thy deeds, whose brunt thou feel'st alone,
Are chaw'd by others pens and tongue,
And as their wit is, their digestion,
Thy nourisht fame is weak or strong.

Then cease discoursing soul, till thine own ground.
Do not thy self or friends importune.
He that by seeking hath himself once found,
Hath ever found a happy fortune.

¶ The Quidditie.

MY God, a verse is not a crown,
No point of honour, or gay suit,
No hawk, or banquet, or renown,
Nor a good sword, nor yet a lute:

It cannot vault, or dance, or play;
It never was in *France* or *Spain*;
Nor can it entertain the day
With my great stable or demain:

It is no office, art, or news.
Nor the Exchange, or busie Hall:
But it is that which while I use
I am with thee, and *Most take all.*

¶ Humilitie.

I Saw the Virtues sitting hand in hand
In sev'rall ranks upon an azure throne,
Where all the beasts and fowls by their command
Presented tokens of submission.
Humilitie, who sat the lowest there
To execute their call,
When by the beasts the presents tendred were,
Gave them about to all.

The

The angrie Lion did present his paw,
Which by consent was giv'n to Mansuetude:
The fearfull Hare her eares, which by their law
Humilitie did reach to Fortitude.
The jealous Turkie brought his corall-chain;
That went to Temperance:
On Justice was bestow'd the Foxes brain,
Kill'd in the way by chance.

At length the Crow bringing the Peacocks plume,
(For he would not) as they beheld the grace
Of that brave gift, each one began to fume,
And challenge it as proper to his place,
Till they fell out; which when the beasts espi'd,
They leapt upon the throne;
And if the Fox had liv'd to rule their side,
They had depos'd each one.

Humilitie, who held the plume, at this
Did weep so fast, that the tears trickling down
Spoil'd all the train: then saying, *Here it is*
For which ye wrangle, made them turn their frown
Against the beasts: so joyntly bandying,
They drive them soon away;
And then amerc'd them double gifts to bring
At the next Session-day.

¶ Frailtie.

LOrd, in my silence how do I despise
What upon trust
Is styled *honour*, *riches*, or *fair eyes*;
But is *fair dust!*
I surname them *gilded clay*,
Deare earth, *fine grasse* or *hay*;
In all, I think my foot doth ever tread
Upon their head. But

But when I view abroad both Regiments,
The worlds, and thine;
Thine clad with ſimpleneſſe, and ſad events;
The other fine,
Full of glorie and gay weeds,
Brave language, braver deeds:
That which was duſt before, doth quickly riſe,
And prick mine eyes.

O brook not this, leſt if what even now
My foot did tread,
Affront thoſe joyes, wherewith thou didſt endow
And long ſince wed
My poore ſoul, ev'n ſick of love,
It may a Babel prove,
Commodious to conquer heav'n and thee
Planted in me.

¶ Conſtancie.

WHo is the honeſt man?
He that doth ſtill and ſtrongly good purſue,
To God, his neighbour, and himſelf moſt true:
Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unpinne, or wrench from giving all their due.

Whoſe honeſtie is not
So looſe or eaſie, that a ruffling wind
Can blow away, or glitt'ring look it blind:
Who rides his ſure and even trot,
While the world now rides by, now lags behind.

Who

Who, when great trialls come,
Nor ſeeks, nor ſhunnes them; but doth calmly ſtay,
Till he the thing and the example weigh:
All being brought into a ſumme,
What place or perſon calls for, he doth pay.

Whom none can work or woo
To uſe in any thing a trick or ſleight;
For above all things he abhorres deceit:
His words and works and faſhion too
All of a piece, and all are clear and ſtraight.

Who never melts or thaws
At cloſe temptations: when the day is done,
His goodneſſe ſets not, but in dark can runne:
The ſunne to others writeth laws,
And is their virtue; Virtue is his Sunne.

Who, when he is to treat
With ſick folks, women, thoſe whom paſſions ſway,
Allows for that, and keeps his conſtant way:
Whom others faults do not defeat;
But though men fail him, yet his part doth play.

Whom nothing can procure,
When the wide world runnes bias, from his will,
To writhe his limbes, and ſhare, not mend the ill.
This is the Mark-man, ſafe and ſure,
Who ſtill is right, and prayes to be ſo ſtill.

¶ Affliction.

MY heart did heave, and there came forth, *O God!*
By that I knew that thou waſt in the grief,
To guide and govern it to my relief,
Making a ſceptre of the rod:
Hadſt thou not had thy part,
Sure the unruly ſigh had broke my heart.

But

But ſince thy breath gave me both life and ſhape,
Thou knowſt my tallies; and when there 's aſſign'd
So much breath to a ſigh, what 's then behind?
Or if ſome years with it eſcape,
The ſigh then onely is
A gale to bring me ſooner to my bliſſe.

Thy life on earth was grief, and thou art ſtill
Conſtant unto it, making it to be
A point of honour, now to grieve in me,
And in thy members ſuffer ill.
They who lament one croſſe,
Thou dying daily, praiſe thee to thy loſſe.

¶ The Starre.

BRight ſpark, ſhot from a brighter place,
Where beams ſurround my Saviours face,
Canſt thou be any where
So well as there?

Yet, if thou wilt from thence depart,
Take a bad lodging in my heart;
For thou canſt make a debter,
And make it better.

Firſt with thy fire-work burn to duſt
Folly, and, worſe then folly, luſt:
Then with thy light refine,
And make it ſhine.

So diſengag'd from ſinne and ſickneſſe,
Touch it with thy celeſtiall quickneſſe,
That it may hang and move
After thy love.

Then

Then with our trinitie of light,
Motion, and heat, let 's take our flight
Unto the place where thou
Before didst bowe.

Get me a standing there, and place
Among the beams, which crown the face
Of him, who dy'd to part
Sinne and my heart:

That so among the rest I may
Glitter, and curl, and wind as they:
That winding is their fashion
Of adoration.

Sure thou wilt joy, by gaining me
To flie home like a laden bee
Unto that hive of beams
And garland-streams.

¶ Sunday.

O Day most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next worlds bud,
Th' indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a friend, and with his bloud;
The couch of time, cares balm and bay;
The week were dark, but for thy light:
Thy torch doth show the way.

The

The other dayes, and thou
Make up one man; whoſe face thou art,
Knocking at heaven with thy brow:
The workie-dayes are the back-part;
The burden of the week lies there,
Making the whole to ſtoup and bowe,
Till thy releaſe appear.

Man had ſtraight forward gone
To endleſſe death: but thou doſt pull
And turn us round to look on one,
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not chooſe, but look on ſtill;
Since there is no place ſo alone,
The which he doth not fill.

Sundayes the pillars are,
On which heav'ns palace arched lies:
The other dayes fill up the ſpare
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitfull beds and borders
In Gods rich garden: that is bare,
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundayes of mans life,
Threeded together on times ſtring,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternall glorious King.
On Sunday heavens gate ſtands ope;
Bleſſings are plentifull and rife,
More plentifull then hope.

This day my Saviour roſe,
And did incloſe this light for his:
That, as each beaſt his manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder miſſe.
Chriſt hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for thoſe
Who want herbs for their wound.

The Reſt of our Creation
Our great Redeemer did remove
With the ſame ſhake, which at his paſſion
Did th' earth and all things with it move.
As Samſon bore the doores away,
Chriſts hands, though nail'd, wrought our ſalvation,
And did unhinge that day.

The brightneſſe of that day
We ſullied by our foul offence:
Wherefore that robe we caſt away,
Having a new at his expenſe,
Whoſe drops of bloud paid the full price,
That was requir'd to make us gay,
And fit for Paradiſe.

Thou art a day of mirth:
And where the week-dayes trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth.
O let me take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from ſev'n to ſeven,
Till that we both, being toſs'd from earth,
Flie hand in hand to heaven!

¶ Avarice.

¶ Avarice.

MOney, thou bane of bliſſe and ſourſe of wo,
Whence com'ſt thou, that thou art ſo freſh and fine?
I know thy parentage is baſe and low: (
Man found thee poore and dirtie in a mine.

Surely thou didſt ſo little contribute
To this great kingdome, which thou now haſt got,
That he was fain, when thou wert deſtitute,
To digge thee out of thy dark cave and grot:

Then forcing thee, by fire he made thee bright:
Nay, thou haſt got the face of man; for we
Have with our ſtamp and ſeal transferr'd our right:
Thou art the man, and man but droſſe to thee.

Man calleth thee his wealth, who made thee rich:
And while he digs out thee, falls in the ditch.

Ana- { MARY / ARMY } *gram.*

HOw well her name an *Army* doth preſent,
In whom the *Lord of hoſts* did pitch his tent.

¶ To all Angels and Saints.

OH glorious ſpirits, who after all your bands
See the ſmooth face of God, without a frown
Or ſtrict commands;
Where ev'ry one is king, and hath his crown,
If not upon his head, yet in his hands:

Not

Not out of envy or maliciousnesse
Do I forbear to crave your speciall aid.
I would addresse
My vows to thee most gladly, blessed Maid,
And mother of my God, in my distresse.

Thou art the holy Mine, whence came the Gold,
The great restorative for all decay
In young and old;
Thou art the Cabinet where the Jewel lay:
Chiefly to thee would I my soul unfold:

But now (alas!) I dare not; for our King,
Whom we do all joyntly adore and praise,
Bids no such thing:
And where his pleasure no injunction layes,
('Tis your own ease) ye never move a wing.

All worship is prerogative, and a flower
Of his rich crown, from whom lies no appeal
At the last houre:
Therefore we dare not from his garland steal,
To make a posie for inferiour power.

Although then others court you, if ye know
What's done on earth, we shall not fare the worse
Who do not so;
Since we are ever ready to disburse,
If any one our Masters hand can show.

¶ Employment.

HE that is weary, let him sit.
My soul would stirre
And trade in courtesies and wit,
Quitting the furre
To cold complexions needing it.

Man

Man is no ſtarre, but a quick coal
Of mortall fire:
Who blows it not, nor doth controll
A faint deſire,
Lets his own aſhes choke his ſoul.

When th' elements did for place conteſt
With him, whoſe will
Ordain'd the higheſt to be beſt;
The earth ſat ſtill,
And by the others is oppreſt.

Life is a buſineſſe, not good cheer;
Ever in warres.
The ſunne ſtill ſhineth there or here,
Whereas the ſtarres
Watch an advantage to appear.

O that I were an Orenge-tree,
That buſie plant!
Then ſhould I ever laden be,
And never want
Some fruit for him that dreſſed me.

But we are ſtill too young or old:
The man is gone,
Before we do our wares unfold:
So we freeze on,
Untill the grave increaſe our cold.

¶ Deniall.

WHen my devotions could not pierce
Thy ſilent eares:
Then was my heart broken, as was my verſe;
My breaſt was full of fears
And diſorder:

My bent thoughts, like a brittle bow,
Did flie asunder:
Each took his way: some would to pleasures go,
Some to the warres and thunder
Of alarms.

As good go any where, they say,
As to benumme
Both knees and heart, in crying night and day,
Come, come, my God, O come!
But no hearing.

O that thou shouldst give dust a tongue
To crie to thee,
And then not heare it crying! all day long
My heart was in my knee,
But no hearing.

Therefore my soul lay out of sight,
Untun'd, unstrung.
My feeble spirit, unable to look right,
Like a nipt blossome, hung
Discontented.

O cheer and tune my heartlesse breast,
Defer no time;
That so thy favours granting my request,
They and my mind may chime,
And mend my rhyme.

¶ Christmas.

ALl after pleasures as I rid one day,
My horse and I, both tir'd, bodie and mind,
With full crie of affections, quite astray,
I took up in the next inne I could find.

There

There when I came, whom found I but my deare,
My deareſt Lord, expecting till the grief
Of pleaſures brought me to him, ready there
To be all paſſengers moſt ſweet relief?

O Thou, whoſe glorious, yet contracted light,
Wrapt in nights mantle, ſtole into a manger,
Since my dark ſoul and brutiſh is thy right,
To man of all beaſts be not thou a ſtranger.

Furniſh and deck my ſoul, that thou mayſt have
A better lodging then a rack or grave.

THe ſhepherds ſing; and ſhall I ſilent be?
My God, no hymne for thee?
My ſoul 's a ſhepherd too; a flock it feeds
Of thoughts, and words, and deeds.
The paſture is thy word; the ſtreams, thy grace
Enriching all the place.
Shepherd and flock ſhall ſing, and all my powers
Out-ſing the day-light houres.
Then we will chide the ſunne for letting night
Take up his place and right:
We ſing one common Lord; wherefore he ſhould
Himſelf the candle hold.
I will go ſearching, till I find a ſunne
Shall ſtay till we have done;
A willing ſhiner, that ſhall ſhine as gladly,
As froſt-nipt ſunnes look ſadly.
Then we will ſing, and ſhine all our own day,
And one another pay;
His beams ſhall cheer my breaſt, and both ſo twine,
Till ev'n his beams ſing, and my muſick ſhine.

¶ Ungratefulneſſe.

LOrd, with what bountie and rare clemencie
Haſt thou redeem'd us from the grave!
If thou hadſt let us runne,
Gladly had man ador'd the ſunne,
And thought his god moſt brave;
Where now we ſhall be better gods then he.

Thou haſt but two rare Cabinets full of treaſure,
The *Trinitie*, and *Incarnation*:
Thou haſt unlockt them both,
And made them jewels to betroth
The work of thy creation
Unto thy ſelf in everlaſting pleaſure.

The ſtatelier Cabinet is the *Trinitie*,
Whoſe ſparkling light acceſſe denies:
Therefore thou doſt not ſhow
This fully to us, till death blow
The duſt into our eyes:
For by that powder thou wilt make us ſee.

But all thy ſweets are packt up in the other;
Thy mercies thither flock and flow:
That, as the firſt affrights,
This may allure us with delights;
Becauſe this box we know:
For we have all of us juſt ſuch another.

But man is cloſe, reſerv'd, and dark to thee:
When thou demandeſt but a heart,
He cavils inſtantly.
In his poore cabinet of bone
Sinnes have their box apart,
Defrauding thee, who gaveſt two for one.

¶ Sighs

¶ Sighs and grones.

O Do not uſe me
After my ſinnes ! look not on my deſert,
But on thy glorie ! then thou wilt reform,
And not refuſe me : for thou onely art
The mightie God, but I a ſilly worm :
O do not bruiſe me !

O do not urge me !
For what account can thy ill ſteward make ?
I have abus'd thy ſtock, deſtroy'd thy woods,
Suckt all thy magazens : my head did ake,
Till it found out how to conſume thy goods :
O do not ſcourge me !

O do not blind me !
I have deſerv'd that an Egyptian night
Should thicken all my powers ; becauſe my luſt
Hath ſtill ſew'd fig-leaves to exclude thy light :
But I am frailtie, and already duſt :
O do not grind me !

O do not fill me
With the turn'd vial of thy bitter wrath !
For thou haſt other veſſels full of bloud,
A part whereof my Saviour emptied hath,
Ev'n unto death : ſince he di'd for my good,
O do not kill me !

But O reprieve me !
For thou haſt *life* and *death* at thy command ;
Thou art both *Judge* and *Saviour*, *feaſt* and *rod*,
Cordiall and *Corroſive* : put not thy hand
Into the bitter box ; but O my God,
My God, relieve me !

¶ The World.

LOve built a ſtately houſe; where *Fortune* came:
And ſpinning fanſies, ſhe was heard to ſay,
That her fine cobwebs did ſupport the frame,
Whereas they were ſupported by the ſame:
But *wiſdome* quickly ſwept them all away.

Then *Pleaſure* came, who, liking not the faſhion,
Began to make *Balcones*, *Terraces*,
Till ſhe had weakned all by alteration:
But rev'rend *laws*, and many a *proclamation*
Reformed all at length with menaces.

Then entred *Sinne*, and with that Sycomore,
Whoſe leaves firſt ſheltred man from drought & dew,
Working and winding ſlily evermore,
The inward walls and Sommers cleft and tore:
But *Grace* ſhor'd theſe, and cut that as it grew.

Then *Sinne* combin'd with *Death* in a firm band
To raſe the building to the very floore:
Which they effected, none could them withſtand.
But *Love* and *Grace* took *Glorie* by the hand,
And built a braver Palace then before.

Coloſſ. 3. 3.

Our life is hid with Chriſt in God.

MY words and thoughts do both expreſſe this notion
That *LIFE* hath with the ſunne a double motion.
The firſt *IS* ſtraight, and our diurnall friend;
The other *HID*, and doth obliquely bend.
One life is wrapt *IN* fleſh, and tends to earth:
The other winds towards *HIM*, whoſe happie birth
Taught me to live here ſo, *THAT* ſtill one eye
Should aim and ſhoot at that which *IS* on high;
Quitting with daily labour all *MY* pleaſure,
To gain at harveſt an eternall *TREASURE*.

¶ Vanitie.

THe fleet Aſtronomer can bore
And thred the ſpheres with his quick-piercing mind:
He views their ſtations, walks from doore to doore,
Surveys, as if he had deſign'd
To make a purchaſe there: he ſees their dances,
And knoweth long before
Both their full-ey'd aſpects, and ſecret glances.

The nimble Diver with his ſide
Cuts through the working waves, that he may fetch
His deerly-earned pearl, which God did hide
On purpoſe from the ventrous wretch;
That he might ſave his life, and alſo hers,
Who with exceſſive pride
Her own deſtruction and his danger wears.

The subtil Chymick can devest
And strip the creature naked, till he find
The callow principles within their nest:
There he imparts to them his mind,
Admitted to their bed-chamber, before
They appear trim and drest
To ordinarie suitours at the doore.

What hath not man sought out and found,
But his deare God? who yet his glorious law
Emboſomes in us, mellowing the ground
With showres and frosts, with love and aw;
So that we need not say, Where's this command?
Poore man! thou searchest round
To find out *death*, but missest *life* at hand.

¶ Lent.

WElcome deare feast of Lent: who loves not thee,
He loves not Temperance, or Authoritie,
But is compos'd of passion.
The Scriptures bid us *fast*; the Church sayes, *Now*:
Give to thy Mother, what thou wouldst allow
To ev'ry Corporation.

The humble soul, compos'd of love and fear,
Begins at home, and layes the burden there,
When doctrines disagree.
He sayes, In things which use hath justly got,
I am a scandal to the Church, and not
The Church is so to me.

True

True Christians should be glad of an occasion
To use their temperance, seeking no evasion,
When good is seasonable;
Unlesse Authoritie, which should increase
The obligation in us, make it lesse,
And Power it self disable.

Besides the cleanness of sweet abstinence,
Quick thoughts and motions at a small expense,
A face not fearing light:
Whereas in fulness there are sluttish fumes,
Sowre exhalations, and dishonest rheums,
Revenging the delight.

Then those same pendent profits, which the spring
And Easter intimate, enlarge the thing,
And goodness of the deed.
Neither ought other mens abuse of Lent
Spoil the good use; lest by that argument
We forfeit all our Creed.

It 's true, we cannot reach Christs fourtieth day;
Yet to go part of that religious way,
Is better then to rest:
We cannot reach our Saviours puritie;
Yet are we bid, *Be holy ev'n as he.*
In both let's do our best.

Who goeth in the way which Christ hath gone,
Is much more sure to meet with him, then one
That travelleth by-wayes.
Perhaps my God, though he be farre before,
May turn, and take me by the hand, and more
May strengthen my decayes.

Yet Lord instruct us to improve our fast
By starving sinne, and taking such repast
As may our faults controll:
That ev'ry man may revel at his doore,
Not in his parlour; banqueting the poore,
And among those his soul.

¶ Virtue.

SWeet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridall of the earth and skie:
The dew shall weep thy fall to night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hew angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye:
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet dayes and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie;
My musick shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Onely a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

¶ The

¶ The Pearl. *Matth.* 13.

I Know the wayes of Learning; both the head
And pipes that feed the preſſe, and make it runne;
What Reaſon hath from Nature borrowed,
Or of it ſelf, like a good huſwife, ſpunne
In laws and policie; what the ſtarres conſpire;
What willing Nature ſpeaks, what forc'd by fire;
Both th' old diſcoveries, and the new found-ſeas,
The ſtock and ſurplus, cauſe and hiſtorie:
All theſe ſtand open, or I have the keyes:
Yet I love thee.

I know the wayes of Honour, what maintains
The quick returns of courteſie and wit:
In vies of favours whether partie gains,
When glory ſwells the heart, and moldeth it
To all expreſſions both of hand and eye,
Which on the world a true-love-knot may tie,
And bear the bundle, whereſoe're it goes:
How many drammes of ſpirit there muſt be
To ſell my life unto my friends or foes:
Yet I love thee.

I know the wayes of Pleaſure, the ſweet ſtrains,
The lullings and the reliſhes of it;
The propoſitions of hot bloud and brains;
What mirth and muſick mean; what love and wit
Have done theſe twenty hundred years, and more:
I know the projects of unbridled ſtore:
My ſtuff is fleſh, not braſſe; my ſenſes live,
And grumble oft, that they have more in me
Than he that curbs them, being but one to five:
Yet I love thee.

I know all these, and have them in my hand:
Therefore not sealed, but with open eyes
I flie to thee, and fully understand
Both the main sale, and the commodities;
And at what rate and price I have thy love;
With all the circumstances that may move:
Yet through these labyrinths, not my groveling wit,
But thy silk-twist let down from heav'n to me,
Did both conduct and teach me, how by it
To climbe to thee.

Affliction.

BRoken in pieces all asunder,
Lord hunt me not,
A thing forgot,
Once a poore creature, now a wonder;
A wonder tortur'd in the space
Betwixt this world and that of grace:

My thoughts are all a case of knives,
Wounding my heart
With scatter'd smart,
As watring-pots give flow'rs their lives.
Nothing their fury can controll,
While they do wound and prick my soul.

All my attendants are at strife,
Quitting their place
Unto my face:
Nothing performs the task of life:
The elements are let loose to fight,
And while I live, trie out their right.

Oh

Oh help, my God! let not their plot
Kill them and me,
And also thee,
Who art my life: dissolve the knot,
As the sunne scatters by his light
All the rebellions of the night.

Then shall those powers, which work for grief,
Enter thy pay,
And day by day
Labour thy praise and my relief;
With care and courage building me,
Till I reach heav'n, and much more thee.

¶ Man.

MY God, I heard this day,
That none doth build a stately habitation,
But he that means to dwell therein.
What house more stately hath there been,
Or can be, then is Man? to whose creation
All things are in decay.

For man is ev'ry thing,
And more: He is a tree, yet bears no fruit;
A beast, yet is or should be more.
Reason and speech we onely bring.
Parrats may thank us, if they are not mute,
They go upon the score.

Man is all symmetrie,
Full of proportions, one limbe to another,
And all to all the world besides:
Each part may call the farthest brother:
For head with foot hath private amitie,
And both with moons and tides.

Nothing;

Nothing hath got so farre,
But man hath caught and kept it, as his prey.
His eyes dismount the highest starre:
He is in little all the sphere.
Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they
Find their acquaintance there.

For us the winds do blow,
The earth doth rest, heav'n move, and fountains flow.
Nothing we see, but means our good,
As our *delight*, or as our *treasure*:
The whole is either our cupboard of *food*,
Or cabinet of *pleasure*.

The starres have us to bed;
Night draws the curtain, which the sunne withdraws:
Musick and light attend our head.
All things unto our *flesh* are kind
In their *descent* and *being*; to our *mind*
In their *ascent* and *cause*.

Each thing is full of dutie.
Waters united are our navigation;
Distinguished, our habitation;
Below, our drink; above, our meat:
Both are our cleanlinesse. Hath one such beauty?
Then how are all things neat!

More servants wait on Man,
Then he'l take notice of: in ev'ry path
He treads down that which doth befriend him,
When sickneſſe makes him pale and wan.
Oh mighty love! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.

Since

Since then, my God, thou haſt
So brave a Palace built; O dwell in it,
That it may dwell with thee at laſt!
Till then, afford us ſo much wit,
That as the world ſerves us, we may ſerve thee,
And both thy ſervants be.

¶ Antiphone.

Chor. PRaiſed be the God of love
Men. Here below,
Angels. And here above:
Cho. Who hath dealt his mercies ſo,
Ang. To his friend,
Men. And to his foe;

Cho. That both grace and glory tend
Ang. Us of old,
Men. And us in th' end.
Cho. The great Shepherd of the fold
Ang. Us did make,
Men. For us was ſold.

Cho. He our foes in pieces brake:
Ang. Him we touch;
Men. And him we take.
Cho. Wherefore ſince that he is ſuch,
Ang. We adore,
Men. And we do crouch.

Cho. Lord, thy praiſes ſhould be more.
Men. We have none,
Ang. And we no ſtore,
Cho. Praiſed be the God alone,
Who hath made of two folds one.

¶ Un-

¶ Unkindneſſe.

LOrd, make me coy and tender to offend.
In friendſhip, firſt I think, if that agree,
Which I intend,
Unto my friends intent and end.
I would not uſe a friend, as I uſe Thee.

If any touch my friend, or his good name,
It is my honour and my love to free
His blaſted fame
From the leaſt ſpot or thought of blame.
I could not uſe a friend, as I uſe Thee.

My friend may ſpit upon my curious floore:
Would he have gold? I lend it inſtantly;
But let the poore,
And thou within them ſtarve at doore.
I cannot uſe a friend, as I uſe Thee.

When that my friend pretendeth to a place,
I quit my intereſt, and leave it free;
But when thy grace
Sues for my heart, I thee diſplace;
Nor would I uſe a friend, as I uſe Thee.

Yet can a friend what thou haſt done fulfill?
O write in braſſe, *My God upon a tree*
His bloud did ſpill,
Onely to purchaſe my good will:
Yet uſe I not my foes, as I uſe Thee.

¶ Life.

¶ Life.

I Made a poſie, while the day ran by:
Here will I ſmell my remnant out, and tie
My life within this band.
But Time did becken to the flow'rs, and they
By noon moſt cunningly did ſteal away,
And wither'd in my hand.

My hand was next to them, and then my heart:
I took, without more thinking, in good part
Times gentle admonition;
Who did ſo ſweetly deaths ſad taſte convey,
Making my mind to ſmell my fatall day,
Yet ſugring the ſuſpicion.

Farewell deare flow'rs; ſweetly your time ye ſpent,
Fit, while ye liv'd, for ſmell or ornament,
And after death for cures.
I follow ſtraight without complaints or grief,
Since, if my ſent be good, I care not if
It be as ſhort as yours.

¶ Submiſſion.

BUt that thou art my wiſdome, Lord,
And both mine eyes are thine,
My mind would be extremely ſtirr'd
For miſſing my deſigne.

Were it not better to beſtow
Some place and power on me?
Then ſhould thy praiſes with me grow,
And ſhare in my degree.

But

But when I thus diſpute and grieve,
I do reſume my ſight,
And pilfring what I once did give,
Diſſeiſe thee of thy right.

How know I, if thou ſhouldſt me raiſe,
That I ſhould then raiſe thee?
Perhaps great places and thy praiſe
Do not ſo well agree.

Wherefore unto my gift I ſtand;
I will no more adviſe:
Onely do thou lend me a hand,
Since thou haſt both mine eyes.

¶ Juſtice.

I Cannot skill of theſe thy wayes.
Lord, thou didſt make me, yet thou woundeſt me:
Lord, thou doſt wound me, yet thou doſt relieve me:
Lord, thou relieveſt, yet I die by thee:
Lord, thou doſt kill me, yet thou doſt reprieve me.

But when I mark my life and praiſe,
Thy juſtice me moſt fitly payes:
For *I do praiſe thee, yet I praiſe thee not:*
My prayers mean thee, yet my prayers ſtray:
I would do well, yet ſinne the hand hath got:
My ſoul doth love thee, yet it loves delay.
I cannot skill of theſe my wayes.

¶ Charms and Knots.

WHo reade a chapter when they riſe,
Shall ne're be troubled with ill eyes.

A poore mans rod, when thou doſt ride,
Is both a weapon and a guide.

Who ſhuts his hand, hath loſt his gold:
Who opens it, hath it twice told.

Who goes to bed and doth not pray,
Maketh two nights to ev'ry day.

Who by aſperſions throw a ſtone
At th' head of others, hit their own.

Who looks on ground with humble eyes,
Finds himſelf there, and ſeeks to riſe.

When th' hair is ſweet through pride or luſt,
The powder doth forget the duſt.

Take one from ten, and what remains?
Ten ſtill, if ſermons go for gains.

In ſhallow waters heav'n doth ſhow:
But who drinks on, to hell may go.

¶ Affliction.

MY God, I read this day,
That planted Paradiſe was not ſo firm,
As was and is thy floting Ark; whoſe ſtay
And anchor thou art onely, to confirm
And ſtrengthen it in ev'ry age,
When waves do riſe, and tempeſts rage.

At firſt we liv'd in pleaſure;
Thine own delights thou didſt to us impart:
When we grew wanton, thou didſt uſe diſpleaſure
To make us thine: yet that we might not part,
As we at firſt did board with thee,
Now thou wouldſt taſte our miſerie.

There is but joy and grief;
If either will convert us, we are thine:
Some Angels us'd the first; if our relief
Take up the second, then thy double line
And sev'rall baits in either kind
Furnish thy table to thy mind.

Affliction then is ours;
We are the trees, whom shaking fastens more,
While blustring winds destroy the wanton bowers,
And ruffle all their curious knots and store.
My God, so temper joy and wo,
That thy bright beams may tame thy bow.

¶ Mortification.

HOw soon doth man decay!
When clothes are taken from a chest of sweets
To swaddle infants, whose young breath
Scarce knows the way:
Those clouts are little winding sheets,
Which do consigne and send them unto death.

When boyes go first to bed,
They step into their voluntary graves;
Sleep binds them fast; onely their breath
Makes them not dead:
Successive nights, like rolling waves,
Convey them quickly, who are bound for death.

When youth is frank and free,
And calls for musick, while his veins do swell,
All day exchanging mirth and breath
In companie;
That musick summons to the knell,
Which shall befriend him at the house of death.

When

When man grows ſtaid and wiſe,
Getting a houſe and home; where he may move
Within the circle of his breath,
Schooling his eyes;
That dumbe incloſure maketh love
Unto the coffin, that attends his death.

When age grows low and weak,
Marking his grave, and thawing ev'ry yeare,
Till all do melt, and drown his breath
When he would ſpeak;
A chair or litter ſhows the beere,
Which ſhall convey him to the houſe of death.

Man, ere he is aware,
Hath put together a ſolemnitie,
And dreſt his herſe, while he hath breath
As yet to ſpare.
Yet Lord, inſtruct us ſo to die,
That all theſe dyings may be life in death.

¶ Decay.

SWeet were the dayes, when thou didſt lodge with Lot,
Struggle with Jacob, ſit with Gideon,
Adviſe with Abraham, when thy power could not
Encounter Moſes ſtrong complaints and mone:
Thy words were then, *Let me alone.*

One might have ſought and found thee preſently
At ſome fair oak, or buſh, or cave, or well:
Is my God this way? No, they would reply:
He is to Sinai gone, as we heard tell:
Lift, ye may heare great Aarons bell.

But

But now thou dost thy self immure and close
In some one corner of a feeble heart:
Where yet both Sinne and Satan, thy old foes,
Do pinch and straiten thee; and use much art
To gain thy thirds and little part.

I see the world grows old, when as the heat
Of thy great love once spread, as in an urn
Doth closet up it self, and still retreat,
Cold sinne still forcing it, till it return,
And calling Justice, all things burn.

¶ Miserie.

LOrd, let the Angels praise thy name.
Man is a foolish thing, a foolish thing;
Folly and Sinne play all his game.
His house still burns; and yet he still doth sing,
Man is but grasse,
He knows it, fill the glasse.

How canst thou brook his foolishnesse?
Why, he 'l not lose a cup of drink for thee:
Bid him but temper his excesse;
Not he: he knows where he can better be,
And he will swear,
Then to serve thee in fear.

What strange pollutions doth he wed,
And make his own, as if none knew but he!
No man shall beat into his head,
That thou within his curtains drawn canst see:
They are of cloth,
Where never yet came moth.

The

The beſt of men, turn but thy hand
For one poore minute, ſtumble at a pinne:
They would not have their actions ſcann'd,
Nor any ſorrow tell them that they ſinne,
Though it be ſmall,
And meaſure not their fall.

They quarrel thee and would give over
The bargain made to ſerve thee: but thy love
Holds them unto it, and doth cover
Their follies with the wing of thy mild Dove,
Not ſuff'ring thoſe
Who would, to be thy foes.

My God, Man cannot praiſe thy name:
Thou art all brightneſſe, perfect puritie:
The ſunne holds down his head for ſhame,
Dead with eclipſes, when we ſpeak of thee.
How ſhall infection
Preſume on thy perfection?

As dirtie hands foul all they touch,
And thoſe things moſt, which are moſt pure and fine:
So our clay-hearts, ev'n when we crouch
To ſing thy praiſes, make them leſſe divine.
Yet either this,
Or none thy portion is.

Man cannot ſerve thee; let him go
And ſerve the ſwine: there, there is his delight:
He doth not like this Virtue, no;
Give him his dirt to wallow in all night:
Theſe Preachers make
His head to ſhoot and ake.

On

Oh fooliſh man, where are thine eyes?
How haſt thou loſt them in a croud of cares!
Thou pull'ſt the rug, and wilt not riſe,
No, not to purchaſe the whole pack of ſtarres:
There let them ſhine,
Thou muſt go ſleep, or dine.

The bird that ſees a daintie bower
Made in the tree, where ſhe was wont to ſit,
Wonders and ſings, but not his power,
Who made the arbour: this exceeds her wit.
But man doth know
The ſpring, whence all things flow:

And yet, as though he knew it not,
His knowledge winks, and lets his humours reigne;
They make his life a conſtant blot,
And all the bloud of God to run in vain.
Ah wretch! what verſe
Can thy ſtrange wayes rehearſe?

Indeed at firſt Man was a treaſure,
A box of jewels, ſhop of rarities,
A ring, whoſe poſie was, *My pleaſure*:
He was a garden in a Paradiſe:
Glorie and grace
Did crown his heart and face.

But ſinne hath fool'd him. Now he is
A lump of fleſh, without a foot or wing
To raiſe him to a glimpſe of bliſſe,
A ſick toſs'd veſſel, daſhing on each thing;
Nay, his own ſhelf:
My God, I mean my ſelf.

¶ Jordan.

¶ Jordan.

WHen firſt my lines of heav'nly joyes made men-
Such was their luſtre, they did ſo excell, (tion,
That I ſought out quaint words and trim invention:
My thoughts began to burniſh, ſprout, and ſwell,
Curling with metaphors a plain intention,
Decking the ſenſe, as if it were to ſell.

Thouſands of notions in my brain did runne,
Off'ring their ſervice, if I were not ſped:
I often blotted what I had begun;
This was not quick enough, and that was dead.
Nothing could ſeem too rich to clothe the ſunne,
Much leſſe thoſe joyes which trample on his head.

As flames do work and wind, when they aſcend,
So did I weave my ſelf into the ſenſe.
But while I buſtled, I might heare a friend
Whiſper, *How wide is all this long pretenſe!*
There is in love a ſweetneſſe ready penn'd:
Copie out onely that, and ſave expenſe.

¶ Prayer.

OF what an eaſie quick acceſſe,
My bleſſed Lord, art thou! how ſuddenly
May our requeſts thine eare invade!
To ſhew that ſtate diſlikes not eaſineſſe.
If I but lift mine eyes, my ſuit is made:
Thou canſt no more not heare, then thou canſt die.

Of

Of what ſupreme Almighty power
Is thy great arm, which ſpans the eaſt and weſt,
And tacks the centre to the ſphere!
By it do all things live their meaſur'd houre:
We cannot ask the thing which is not there,
Blaming the ſhallowneſſe of our requeſt.

Of what unmeaſurable love
Art thou poſſeſt, who, when thou couldſt not die,
Wert fain to take our fleſh and curſe,
And for our ſakes in perſon ſinne reprove;
That by deſtroying that which ty'd thy purſe,
Thou mightſt make way for liberalitie.

Since then theſe three wait on thy throne,
Eaſe, *Power*, and *Love*; I value Prayer ſo,
That were I to leave all but one,
Wealth, fame, endowments, virtues, all ſhould go:
I and deare Prayer would together dwell,
And quickly gain for each inch loſt an ell.

¶ Obedience.

MY God, if writings may
Convey a Lordſhip any way
Whither the buyer and the ſeller pleaſe;
Let it not thee diſpleaſe,
If this poore paper do as much as they.

On it my heart doth bleed
As many lines, as there doth need
To paſſe it ſelf and all it hath to thee:
To which I do agree,
And here preſent it as my ſpeciall deed.

If that hereafter Pleaſure
Cavill, and claim her part and meaſure,
As if this paſſed with a reſervation,
Or ſome ſuch words in faſhion;
Here exclude the wrangler from thy treaſure.

O let thy ſacred will
All thy delight in me fulfill!
Let me not think an action mine own way,
But as thy love ſhall ſway,
Reſigning up the rudder to thy skill.

Lord, what is man to thee,
That thou ſhouldſt mind a rotten tree?
Yet ſince thou canſt not chooſe but ſee my actions;
So great are thy perfections,
Thou mayſt as well my actions guide, as ſee.

Beſides, thy death and bloud
Show'd a ſtrange love to all our good:
Thy ſorrows were in earneſt; no faint proffer,
Or ſuperficiall offer
Of what we might not take, or be withſtood.

Wherefore I all forgo:
To one word onely I ſay, No.
Where in the deed there was an intimation
Of a *gift* or *donation*,
Lord, let it now by way of *purchaſe* go.

He that will paſſe his land,
As I have mine, may ſet his hand
And heart unto this deed, when he hath read;
And make the purchaſe ſpread
To both our goods, if he to it will ſtand.

How happie were my part,
If ſome kind man would thruſt his heart
Into theſe lines; till in heav'ns court of rolls
They were by winged ſouls
Entred for both, farre above their deſert!

¶ Conſcience

PEace pratler, do not lowre:
Not a fair look, but thou doſt call it foul:
Not a ſweet diſh, but thou doſt call it ſowre:
Muſick to thee doth howl.
By liſtning to thy chatting fears
I have both loſt mine eyes and eares.

Pratler, no more, I ſay:
My thoughts muſt work, but like a noiſeleſſe ſphere.
Harmonious peace muſt rock them all the day:
No room for pratlers there.
If thou perſiſteſt, I will tell thee,
That I have phyſick to expell thee.

And the receit ſhall be
My Saviours bloud: when ever at his board
I do but taſte it, ſtraight it cleanſeth me,
And leaves thee not a word,
No, not a tooth or nail to ſcratch,
And at my actions carp or catch.

Yet if thou talkeſt ſtill,
Beſides my phyſick, know there 's ſome for thee;
Some wood and nails to make a ſtaff or bill
For thoſe that trouble me:
The bloudy croſſe of my deare Lord
Is both my phyſick and my ſword.

¶ Sion.

¶ Sion.

LOrd, with what glorie waſt thou ſerv'd of old,
When Solomons temple ſtood and flouriſhed!
Where moſt things were of pureſt gold:
The wood was all embelliſhed
With flowers and carvings, myſticall and rare:
All ſhow'd the builders, crav'd the ſeers care.

Yet all this glorie, all this pomp and ſtate
Did not affect thee much, was not thy aim;
Something there was that ſow'd debate:
Wherefore thou quitt'ſt thy ancient claim:
And now thy Architecture meets with ſinne;
For all thy frame and fabrick is within.

There thou art ſtruggling with a peeviſh heart,
Which ſometimes croſſeth thee, thou ſometimes it:
The fight is hard, on either part.
Great God doth fight, he doth ſubmit.
All Solomons ſea of braſſe and world of ſtone
Is not ſo deare to thee as one good grone.

And truly braſſe and ſtones are heavie things,
Tombes for the dead, not temples fit for thee:
But grones are quick and full of wings,
And all their motions upward be;
And ever as they mount, like larks they ſing:
The note is ſad, yet muſick for a king.

¶ Home.

COme Lord, my head doth burn, my heart is ſick,
While thou doſt ever, ever ſtay:
Thy long deferrings wound me to the quick,
My ſpirit gaſpeth night and day.
O ſhow thy ſelf to me,
Or take me up to thee!

How canſt thou ſtay, conſidering the pace
The bloud did make, which thou didſt waſte;
When I behold it trickling down thy face,
I never ſaw thing make ſuch haſte.
O ſhow thy ſelf to me,
Or take me up to thee!

When Man was loſt, thy pitie lookt about
To ſee what help in th' earth or skie:
But there was none; at leaſt no help without:
The help did in thy boſome lie.
O ſhow thy, &c.

There lay thy Sonne: and muſt he leave that neſt,
That hive of ſweetneſſe, to remove
Thraldome from thoſe, who would not at a feaſt
Leave one poore apple for thy love?
O ſhow thy, &c.

He did, he came. O my Redeemer deare,
After all this canſt thou be ſtrange?
So many years baptiz'd, and not appear?
As if thy love could fail or change.
O ſhow thy, &c.

Yet if thou ſtayeſt ſtill, why muſt I ſtay?
My God, what is this world to me?
This world of woe? hence all ye clouds, away,
Away; I muſt get up and ſee.
O ſhow thy, &c.

What is this wearie world, this meat and drink,
That chains us by the teeth ſo faſt?
What is this womankind, which I can wink
Into a blackneſſe and diſtaſte?
O ſhew thy, &c.

With

With one ſmall ſigh thou gav'ſt me th' other day
I blaſted all the joyes about me:
And ſcouling on them as they pin'd away,
Now come again, ſaid I, and flout me.
O ſhow thy ſelf to me,
Or take me up to thee!

Nothing but drought and dearth, but buſh and brake,
Which way ſoe're I look, I ſee.
Some may dream merrily, but when they wake,
They dreſſe themſelves and come to thee.
O ſhow thy, &c.

We talk of harveſts; there are no ſuch things,
But when we leave our corn and hay:
There is no fruitfull yeare, but that which brings
The laſt and lov'd, though dreadfull day.
O ſhow thy, &c.

Oh looſe this frame, this knot of man untie!
That my free ſoul may uſe her wing,
Which now is pinion'd with mortalitie,
As an intangled, hamper'd thing.
O ſhow thy, &c.

What have I left, that I ſhould ſtay and grone?
The moſt of me to heav'n is fled:
My thoughts and joyes are all packt up and gone,
And for their old acquaintance plead.
O ſhow thy, &c.

Come deareſt Lord, paſſe not this holy ſeaſon,
My fleſh and bones and joynts do pray:
And ev'n my verſe, when by the rhyme and reaſon
The word is, *Stay*, ſayes ever, *Come*.
O ſhow thy ſelf to me,
Or take me up to thee!

¶ The Britiſh Church.

I Joy, deare Mother, when I view
Thy perfect lineaments, and hue
Both ſweet and bright.

Beautie in thee takes up her place,
And dates her letters from thy face,
When ſhe doth write.

A fine aſpect in fit aray,
Neither too mean, nor yet too gay,
Shows who is beſt.

Outlandiſh looks may not compare:
For all they either painted are,
Or elſe undreſt.

She on the hills, which wantonly
Allureth all in hope to be
By her preferr'd,

Hath kiſs'd ſo long her painted ſhrines,
That ev'n her face by kiſſing ſhines,
For her reward.

She in the valley is ſo ſhie
Of dreſſing, that her hair doth lie
About her eares:

While ſhe avoids her neighbours pride,
She wholly goes on th' other ſide,
And nothing wears.

But, deareſt Mother, (what thoſe miſſe)
The mean thy praiſe and glorie is,
And long may be.

Bleſſed be God, whoſe love it was
To double-moat thee with his grace,
And none but thee.

¶ The

¶ The Quip.

THe merry world did on a day
With his train-bands and mates agree
To meet together, where I lay,
And all in ſport to geere at me.

Firſt, Beauty crept into a roſe;
Which when I pluckt not, Sir, ſaid ſhe,
Tell me, I pray, Whoſe hands are thoſe?
But thou ſhalt anſwer, Lord, for me.

Then Money came, and chinking ſtill,
What tune is this, poore man? ſaid he:
I heard in Muſick you had skill.
But thou ſhalt anſwer, Lord, for me.

Then came brave Glory puffing by
In ſilks that whiſtled, who but he?
He ſcarce allow'd me half an eye.
But thou ſhalt anſwer, Lord, for me.

Then came quick Wit and Converſation,
And he would needs a comfort be,
And, to be ſhort, make an oration.
But thou ſhalt anſwer, Lord, for me.

Yet when the houre of thy deſigne
To anſwer theſe fine things ſhall come;
Speak not at large, ſay, I am thine:
And then they have their anſwer home.

¶ Vanitie.

POore silly soul, whose hope and head lies low;
Whose flat delights on earth do creep and grow;
To whom the starres shine not so fair, as eyes;
Nor solid work, as false embroyderies:
Hark and beware, lest what you now do measure
And write for sweet, prove a most sowre displeasure.

O heare betimes, lest thy relenting
May come too late!
To purchase heaven for repenting,
Is no hard rate.
If souls be made of earthly mold,
Let them love gold;
If born on high,
Let them unto their kindred flie:
For they can never be at rest,
Till they regain their ancient nest.
Then silly soul take heed; for earthly joy
Is but a bubble, and makes thee a boy.

¶ The Dawning.

AWake sad heart, whom sorrow ever drowns:
Take up thine eyes, which feed on earth;
Unfold thy forehead gather'd into frowns:
Thy Saviour comes, and with him mirth:
Awake, awake;
And with a thankfull heart his comforts take.
But thou dost still lament, and pine, and crie;
And feel his death, but not his victorie.

Arise

Ariſe ſad heart; if thou doſt not withſtand,
Chriſts reſurrection thine may be:
Do not by hanging down break from the hand,
Which as it riſeth, raiſeth thee:
Ariſe, ariſe;
And with his buriall-linen dry thine eyes. (grief
Chriſt left his grave-clothes, that we might, when
Draws tears, or bloud, not want an handkerchief.

¶ JESU.

JESU is in my heart, his ſacred name
Is deeply carved there: but th' other week
A great affliction broke the little frame,
Ev'n all to pieces; which I went to ſeek:
And firſt I found the corner, where was J,
After, where ES, and next where U was graved.
When I had got theſe parcels, inſtantly
I ſat me down to ſpell them, and perceived
That to my broken heart he was *I eaſe you*,
And to my whole is *JESU*.

¶ Buſineſſe.

CAnſt be idle? canſt thou play,
Fooliſh ſoul, who ſinn'd to day?

Rivers runne, and ſprings each one
Know their home, and get them gone:
Haſt thou tears, or haſt thou none?

If, poore ſoul, thou haſt no tears,
Would thou hadſt no faults or fears!
Who hath theſe, thoſe ill forbears.

Winds ſtill work: it is their plot,
Be the ſeaſon cold, or hot:
Haſt thou ſighs, or haſt thou not?

If thou haſt no ſighs or grones,
Would thou hadſt no fleſh and bones!
Leſſer pains ſcape greater ones.

But if yet thou idle be,
Fooliſh ſoul, Who di'd for thee?

Who did leave his Fathers throne,
To aſſume thy fleſh and bone?
Had he life, or had he none?

If he had not liv'd for thee,
Thou hadſt di'd moſt wretchedly;
And two deaths had been thy fee.

He ſo farre thy good did plot,
That his own ſelf he forgot.
Did he die, or did he not?

If he had not di'd for thee,
Thou hadſt liv'd in miſerie.
Two lives worſe then ten deaths be.

And hath any ſpace of breath
'Twixt his ſinnes and Saviours death?

He that loſeth gold, though droſſe,
Tells to all he meets, his croſſe:
He that ſinnes, hath he no loſſe?

He that finds a ſilver vein,
Thinks on it, and thinks again:
Brings thy Saviours death no gain?

Who in heart not ever kneels,
Neither ſinne nor Saviour feels.

¶ Dialogue.

¶ Dialogue.

SWeeteſt Saviour, if my ſoul
Were but worth the having,
Quickly then ſhould I controll
Any thought of waving.
But when all my care and pains
Cannot give the name of gains
To thy wretch ſo full of ſtains;
What delight or hope remains?

What (child) is the balance thine?
Thine the poiſe and meaſure?
If I ſay, Thou ſhalt be mine,
Finger not my treaſure.
What the gains in having thee
Do amount to, onely he,
Who for man was ſold, can ſee,
That transferr'd th' accounts to me.

But as I can ſee no merit,
Leading to this favour,
So the way to fit me for it,
Is beyond my ſavour.
As the reaſon then is thine;
So the way is none of mine:
I diſclaim the whole deſigne:
Sinne diſclaims, and I reſigne.

That is all, if that I could
Get without repining;
And my clay, my creature would
Follow my reſigning:
That as I did freely part
With my glory and deſert,
Left all joyes to feel all ſmart---
Ah! no more: thou break'ſt my heart.

¶ Dulneſſe.

¶ Dulneſſe.

WHy do I languiſh thus drooping and dull,
As if I were all earth?
O give me quickneſſe, that I may with mirth
Praiſe thee brim-full!

The wanton lover in a curious ſtrain
Can praiſe his faireſt fair;
And with quaint metaphors her curled hair
Curl o're again.

Thou art my lovelineſſe, my life, my light,
Beauty alone to me:
Thy bloudy death and undeſerv'd, makes thee
Pure red and white.

When all perfections as but one appear,
That thoſe thy form doth ſhow,
The very duſt, where thou doſt tread and go,
Makes beauties here.

Where are my lines then? my approches? views?
Where are my window-ſongs?
Lovers are ſtill pretending, and ev'n wrongs
Sharpen their Muſe.

But I am loſt in fleſh, whoſe ſugred lies
Still mock me, and grow bold:
Sure thou didſt put a mind there, if I could
Find where it lies.

Lord clear thy gift, that with a conſtant wit
I may but look towards thee:
Look onely; for to *love* thee, who can be,
What angel fit?

¶ Love-

¶ Love-joy.

AS on a window late I caſt mine eye,
I ſaw a vine drop grapes with *J* and *C*
Anneal'd on every bunch. One ſtanding by
Ask'd what it meant. I (who am never loth
To ſpend my judgement) ſaid, It ſeem'd to me
To be the body and the letters both
Of *Joy* and *Charity*. Sir, you have not miſs'd,
The man reply'd; It figures *JESUS CHRIST*.

¶ Providence.

O Sacred Providence, who from end to end
Strongly and ſweetly moveſt! ſhall I write,
And not of thee, through whom my fingers bend
To hold my quill? ſhall they not do thee right?

Of all the creatures both in ſea and land
Onely to man thou haſt made known thy wayes,
And put the pen alone into his hand,
And made him Secretary of thy praiſe.

Beaſts fain would ſing; birds ditty to their notes;
Trees would be tuning on their native lute
To thy renown: but all their hands and throats
Are brought to Man, while they are lame and mute.

Man is the worlds high Prieſt: he doth preſent
The ſacrifice for all; while they below
Unto the ſervice mutter an aſſent,
Such as ſprings uſe that fall, and winds that blow.

He that to praiſe and laud thee doth refrain,
Doth not refrain unto himſelf alone,
But robs a thouſand who would praiſe thee fain;
And doth commit a world of ſinne in one.

The

The beasts say, Eat me: but, if beasts must teach,
The tongue is yours to eat, but mine to praise.
The trees say, Pull me: but the hand you stretch,
Is mine to write, as it is yours to raise.

Wherefore, most sacred Spirit, I here present
For me and all my fellows praise to thee:
And just it is that I should pay the rent,
Because the benefit accrues to me.

We all acknowledge both thy power and love
To be exact, transcendent, and divine;
Who dost so strongly and so sweetly move,
While all things have their will, yet none but thine.

For either thy *command* or thy *permission*
Lay hands on all: they are thy *right* and *left*.
The first puts on with speed and expedition;
The other curbs sinnes stealing pace and theft.

Nothing escapes them both: all must appear,
And be dispos'd, and dress'd, and tun'd by thee,
Who sweetly temper'st all. If we could heare
Thy skill and art, what musick would it be!

Thou art in small things great, not small in any:
Thy even praise can neither rise nor fall.
Thou art in all things one, in each thing many:
For thou art infinite in one and all.

Tempests are calm to thee; they know thy hand,
And hold it fast, as children do their fathers,
Which crie and follow. Thou hast made poore sand
Check the proud sea, ev'n when it swells and gathers.

Thy cupboard serves the world: the meat is set,
Where all may reach: no beast but knows his feed.
Birds teach us hawking: fishes have their net:
The great prey on the lesse, they on some weed.

Nothing

Nothing ingendred doth prevent his meat:
Flies have their table ſpread, e're they appear.
Some creatures have in winter what to eat;
Others do ſleep, and envy not their cheer.

How finely doſt thou times and ſeaſons ſpin,
And make a twiſt checker'd with night and day!
Which as it lengthens, winds, and winds us in,
As bouls go on, but turning all the way.

Each creature hath a wiſdome for his good.
The pigeons feed their tender offspring, crying,
When they are callow; but withdraw their food
When they are fledge, that need may teach them flying.

Bees work for man; and yet they never bruiſe
Their maſters flow'r, but leave it, having done,
As fair as ever, and as fit to uſe:
So both the flow'r doth ſtay, and hony run.

Sheep eat the graſſe, and dung the ground for more:
Trees after bearing drop their leaves for ſoil:
Springs vent their ſtreams, and by expenſe get ſtore:
Clouds cool by heat, and baths by cooling boil.

Who hath the virtue to expreſſe the rare
And curious virtues both of herbs and ſtones?
Is there an herb for that? O that thy care
Would ſhow a root that gives expreſſions!

And if an herb hath power, what have the ſtarres!
A roſe, beſides his beauty, is a cure.
Doubtleſſe our plagues and plenty, peace and warres
Are there much ſurer then our art is ſure.

Thou haſt hid metalls: man may take them thence;
But at his perill: when he digs the place,
He makes a grave; as if the thing had ſenſe,
And threatned man, that he ſhould fill the ſpace.

Ev'n

Ev'n poysons praise thee. Should a thing be lost?
Should creatures want, for want of heed, their due?
Since where are poysons, antidotes are most;
Thy help stands close, and keeps the fear in view.

The sea, which seems to stop the traveller,
Is by a ship the speedier passage made;
The winds, who think they rule the mariner,
Are rul'd by him, and taught to serve his trade.

And as thy house is full, so I adore
Thy curious art in marshalling thy goods.
The hills with health abound; the vales with store;
The South with marble; North with furres and woods.

Hard things are glorious; easie things good cheap.
The common all men have: that which is rare,
Men therefore seek to have, and care to keep.
The healthy frosts with summer fruits compare.

Light without wind is glasse: warm without weight
Is wool and furres: cool without closeness, shade;
Speed without pains, a horse: tall without height,
A servile hawk: low without losse, a spade.

All countreys have enough to serve their need:
If they seek fine things, thou dost make them run
For their offence; and then dost turn their speed
To be commerce and trade from sunne to sunne.

Nothing wears clothes but Man; nothing doth need;
But he to wear them. Nothing useth fire,
But Man alone, to shew his heav'nly breed:
And onely he hath fewel in desire.

When th' earth was dry, thou mad'st a sea of wet:
Whe that lay gather'd, thou didst broch the mountains:
When yet some places could no moisture get, (tains.
The winds grew gard'ners, and the clouds good foun-

Rain,

Rain, do not hurt my flowers; but gently ſpend
Your hony-drops: preſſe not to ſmell them here;
When they are ripe, their odour will aſcend,
And at your lodging with their thanks appear.

How harſh are thorns to pears! and yet they make
A better hedge, and need leſſe reparation.
How ſmooth are ſilks compared with a ſtake,
Or with a ſtone! yet make no good foundation.

Sometimes thou doſt divide thy gifts to man,
Sometimes unite. The Indian nut alone
Is clothing, meat and trencher, drink and canne,
Boat, cable, ſail, and needle, all in one.

Moſt herbs that grow in brooks, are hot and dry.
Cold fruits warm kernels help againſt the wind.
The limons juyce and rind cure mutually.
The whey of milk doth looſe, the milk doth bind.

Thy creatures leap not, but expreſſe a feaſt,
Where all the gueſts ſit cloſe, and nothing wants.
Frogs marry fiſh and fleſh; bats, bird and beaſt;
Sponges, non-ſenſe and ſenſe; mines, th'earth & plants.

To ſhow thou art not bound, as if thy lot
Were worſe then ours, ſometimes thou ſhifteſt hands.
Moſt things move th' under-jaw; the Crocodile not.
Moſt things ſleep lying; th' Elephant leans or ſtands.

But who hath praiſe enough? nay, who hath any?
None can expreſſe thy works, but he that knows them;
And none can know thy works, which are ſo many,
And ſo complete, but onely he that ows them.

All things that are, though they have ſev'rall wayes,
Yet in their being joyn with one advice
To honour thee: and ſo I give thee praiſe
In all my other hymns, but in this twice.

Each

Each thing that is, although in use and name
It go for one, hath many wayes in store
To honour thee: and so each hymne thy fame
Extolleth many wayes, yet this one more.

¶ Hope.

I Gave to Hope a watch of mine: but he
An anchor gave to me.
Then an old Prayer-book I did present:
And he an optick sent.
With that I gave a vial full of tears:
But he a few green ears.
Ah Loyterer! I'le no more, no more I'le bring:
I did expect a ring.

¶ Sinnes round.

SOrie I am, my God, sorie I am,
That my offences course it in a ring.
My thoughts are working like a busie flame,
Untill their cockatrice they hatch and bring:
And when they once have perfected their draughts,
My words take fire from my inflamed thoughts.

My words take fire from my inflamed thoughts,
Which spit it forth like the Sicilian hill.
They vent the wares, and passe them with their faults,
And by their breathing ventilate the ill.
But words suffice not, where are lewd intentions:
My hands do joyn to finish the inventions.

My hands do joyn to finish the inventions:
And so my sinnes ascend three stories high,
As Babel grew, before there were dissensions.
Yet ill deeds loyter not: for they supply
New thoughts of sinning: wherefore to my shame,
Sorie I am, my God, sorie I am.

¶ Time.

¶ Time.

MEeting with Time, Slack thing, said I,
Thy sithe is dull; whet it for shame.
No marvel, Sir, he did reply,
If it at length deserve some blame:
But where one man would have me grind it,
Twenty for one too sharp do find it.

Perhaps some such of old did passe,
Who above all things lov'd this life;
To whom thy sithe a hatchet was,
Which now is but a pruning-knife.
Christs coming hath made man thy debter,
Since by thy cutting he grows better.

And in his blessing thou art blest:
For where thou onely wert before
An executioner at best;
Thou art a gard'ner now, and more,
An usher to convey our souls
Beyond the utmost starres and poles.

And this is that makes life so long,
While it detains us from our God.
Ev'n pleasures here increase the wrong,
And length of dayes lengthen the rod.
Who wants the place where God doth dwell,
Partakes already half of hell.

Of what strange length must that needs be,
Which ev'n eternity excludes!
Thus farre Time heard me patiently:
Then chafing said, This man deludes:
What do I here before his doore?
He doth not crave lesse time, but more.

¶ Grate-

¶ Gratefulneſſe.

THou that haſt giv'n ſo much to me,
Give one thing more, a gratefull heart.
See how thy begger works on thee
By art.

He makes thy gifts occaſion more,
And ſayes, If he in this be croſt,
All thou haſt giv'n him heretofore
Is loſt.

But thou didſt reckon, when at firſt
Thy word our hearts and hands did crave,
What it would come to at the worſt
To ſave.

Perpetuall knockings at thy doore,
Tears ſullying thy tranſparent rooms,
Gift upon gift; much would have more,
And comes.

This notwithſtanding, thou wentſt on,
And didſt allow us all our noiſe?
Nay, thou haſt made a ſigh and grone
Thy joyes.

Not that thou haſt not ſtill above
Much better tunes then grones can make;
But that theſe countrey-aires thy love
Did take.

Wherefore I crie, and crie again;
And in no quies canſt thou be,
Till I a thankfull heart obtain
Of thee:

Not thankfull, when it pleaſeth me;
As if thy bleſsings had ſpare-dayes:
But ſuch a heart, whoſe pulſe may be
Thy praiſe.

¶ Peace.

Sweet Peace, where doſt thou dwell? I humbly crave,
Let me once know.
I ſought thee in a ſecret cave,
And ask'd if Peace were there.
A hollow wind did ſeem to anſwer, No:
Go ſeek elſewhere.

I did; and going did a rainbow note:
Surely, thought I,
This is the lace of Peaces coat:
I will ſearch out the matter.
But while I lookt, the clouds immediately
Did break and ſcatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did ſpie
A gallant flower,
The crown Imperiall: Sure, ſaid I,
Peace at the root muſt dwell.
But when I digg'd, I ſaw a worm devoure
What ſhow'd ſo well.

At length I met a rev'rend good old man;
Whom when for Peace
I did demand, he thus began:
There was a Prince of old
At Salem dwelt, who liv'd with good increaſe
Of flock and fold.

He ſweetly liv'd; yet ſweetneſſe did not ſave
His life from foes.
But after death out of his grave
There ſprang twelve ſtalks of wheat
Which many wondring at, got ſome of thoſe
To plant and ſet.

It proſper'd ſtrangely, and did ſoon diſperſe
Through all the earth:
For they that taſte it do rehearſe,
That virtue lies therein;
A ſecret virtue bringing peace and mirth
By flight of ſinne.

Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
And grows for you;
Make bread of it: and that repoſe
And peace, which every where
With ſo much earneſtneſſe you do purſue,
Is onely there.

¶ Confeſſion.

O What a cunning gueſt
Is this ſame grief! within my heart I made
Cloſets, and in them many a cheſt;
And, like a maſter in my trade,
In thoſe cheſts, boxes; in each box, a till:
Yet grief knows all, and enters when he will.

No ſcrue, no piercer can
Into a piece of timber work and wind,
As Gods afflictions into man,
When he a torture hath deſign'd.
They are too ſubtil for the ſubt'lleſt hearts;
And fall, like rheums, upon the tendreſt parts.

We

We are the earth; and they,
Like moles within us, heave, and caſt about:
And till they foot and clutch their prey,
They never cool, much leſſe give out.
No ſmith can make ſuch locks but they have keyes:
Cloſets are halls to them; and hearts, high-wayes.

Onely an open breaſt
Doth ſhut them out, ſo that they cannot enter;
Or, if they enter, cannot reſt,
But quickly ſeek ſome new adventure.
Smooth open hearts no faſtning have; but fiction
Doth give a hold and handle to affliction.

Wherefore my faults and ſinnes,
Lord, I acknowledge; take thy plagues away:
For ſince confeſſion pardon winnes,
I challenge here the brighteſt day,
The cleareſt diamond: let them do their beſt,
They ſhall be thick and cloudy to my breaſt.

¶ Giddineſſe.

OH what a thing is man! how farre from power,
From ſettled peace and reſt!
He is ſome twentie ſev'rall men at leaſt
Each ſev'rall houre.

One while he counts of heav'n, as of his treaſure:
But then a thought creeps in,
And calls him coward, who for fear of ſinne
Will loſe a pleaſure.

Now

Now he will fight it out, and to the warres;
Now eat his bread in peace,
And ſnudge in quiet; now he ſcorns increaſe;
Now all day ſpares.

He builds an houſe, which quickly down muſt go,
As if a whirlwind blew
And cruſht the building: and it's partly true,
His mind is ſo.

O what a ſight were Man, if his attires
Did alter with his mind;
And, like a Dolphines skinne, his clothes combin'd
With his deſires!

Surely if each one ſaw anothers heart,
There would be no commerce,
No ſale or bargain paſſe: all would diſperſe,
And live apart.

Lord, mend, or rather make us: one creation
Will not ſuffice our turn:
Except thou make us daily, we ſhall ſpurn
Our own ſalvation.

¶ The bunch of grapes.

JOy, I did lock thee up, but ſome bad man
Hath let thee out again:
And now, me thinks, I am where I began
Seven years ago; one vogue and vein,
One aire of thoughts uſurps my brain.
I did towards Canaan draw; but now I am
Brought back to the Red ſea, the ſea of ſhame.

For

For as the Jews of old by Gods command
Travell'd, and saw no town;
So now each Christian hath his journeys spann'd:
Their storie pennes and sets us down.
A single deed is small renown.
Gods works are wide, and let in future times:
His ancient justice overflows our crimes.

Then have we too our guardian-fires and clouds;
Our Scripture-dew drops fast:
We have our sands and serpents, tents and shrowds;
Alas! our murmurings come not last.
But where 's the cluster? where 's the taste
Of mine inheritance? Lord, if I must borrow,
Let me as well take up their joy as sorrow.

But can he want the grape, who hath the wine?
I have their fruit and more.
Blessed be God, who prosper'd *Noahs* vine,
And made it bring forth grapes good store.
But much more him I must adore,
Who of the Laws sowre juice sweet wine did make,
Ev'n God himself, being pressed for my sake.

¶ Love unknown.

DEare friend, sit down, the tale is long and sad:
And in my faintings I presume your love
Will more complie then help. A Lord I had,
And have, of whom some grounds which may improve
I hold for two lives, and both lives in me.
To him I brought a dish of fruit one day,
And in the middle plac'd my heart. But he
(I sigh to say)

Lookt on a ſervant, who did know his eye
Better then you know me, or (which is one)
Then I my ſelf. The ſervant inſtantly
Quitting the fruit, ſeiz'd on my heart alone,
And threw it in a font, wherein did fall
A ſtream of bloud, which iſſu'd from the ſide
Of a great rock: I well remember all,
And have good cauſe: there it was dipt and di'd,
And waſht and wrung: the very wringing yet
Enforceth tears. *Your heart was foul, I fear.*
Indeed 'tis true. I did and do commit
Many a fault more then my leaſe will bear;
Yet ſtill askt pardon, and was not deni'd.
But you ſhall heare. After my heart was well,
And clean and fair, as I one even-tide
(I ſigh to tell)
Walkt by my ſelf abroad, I ſaw a large
And ſpacious furnace flaming, and thereon
A boyling caldron, round about whoſe verge
Was in great letters ſet *AFFLICTION*.
The greatneſſe ſhew'd the owner. So I went
To fetch a ſacrifice out of my fold,
Thinking with that which I did thus preſent,
To warm his love, which I did fear grew cold.
But as my heart did tender it, the man
Who was to take it from me, ſkipt his hand,
And threw my heart into the ſcalding pan;
My heart that brought it (do you underſtand?)
The offerers heart. *Your heart was hard, I fear.*
Indeed 'tis true. I found a callous matter
Began to ſpreade and to expatiate there:
But with a richer drug then ſcalding water
I bath'd it often, ev'n with holy bloud,
Which at a board, while many drunk bare wine,
A friend did ſteal into my cup for good,
Ev'n taken inwardly, and moſt divine

To

To ſupple hardneſſes. But at the length
Out of the caldron getting, ſoon I fled
Unto my houſe, where to repair the ſtrength
Which I had loſt, I haſted to my bed.
But when I thought to ſleep out all theſe faults,
(I ſigh to ſpeak)
I found that ſome had ſtuff'd the bed with thoughts,
I would ſay *thorns*. Deare, could my heart not break,
When with my pleaſures ev'n my reſt was gone?
Full well I underſtood who had been there:
For I had giv'n the key to none but one:
It muſt be he. *Your heart was dull, I fear.*
Indeed a ſlack and ſleepie ſtate of mind
Did oft poſſeſſe me; ſo that when I pray'd,
Though my lips went, my heart did ſtay behind.
But all my ſcores were by another paid,
Who took the debt upon him. *Truly, Friend,*
For ought I heare, your Maſter ſhows to you
More favour then you wot of. Mark the end.
The Font did onely what was old renew:
The Caldron ſuppled what was grown too hard:
The Thorns did quicken what was grown too dull.
All did but ſtrive to mend what you had marr'd.
Wherefore be cheer'd, and praiſe him to the full
Each day, each houre, each moment of the week,
Who fain would have you be new, tender, quick.

¶ Mans medley.

HEark how the birds do ſing,
And woods do ring.
All creatures have their joy: and man hath his.
Yet, if we rightly meaſure,
Mans joy and pleaſure
Rather hereafter, then in preſent, is.

To this life things of sense
Make their pretense:
In th' other Angels have a right by birth:
Man ties them both alone,
And makes them one,
With th' one hand touching heav'n, with th' other earth.

In soul he mounts and flies,
In flesh he dies.
He wears a stuff, whose thread is course and round,
But trimm'd with curious lace,
And should take place
After the trimming, not the stuff and ground.

Not that he may not here
Taste of the cheer:
But as birds drink, and straight lift up their head,
So must he sip and think
Of better drink
He may attain to after he is dead.

But as his joyes are double;
So is his trouble.
He hath two winters, other things but one:
Both frosts and thoughts do nip,
And bite his lip;
And he of all things fears two deaths alone.

Yet even the greatest griefs
May be reliefs,
Could he but take them right, and in their wayes.
Happie is he, whose heart
Hath found the art
To turn his double pains to double praise.

¶ The Storm.

IF, as the winds and waters here below
Do flie and flow,
My sighs and tears as busie were above,
Sure they would move
And much affect thee, as tempestuous times
Amaze poore mortals, and object their crimes.

Starres have their storms, ev'n in a high degree,
As well as we.
A throbbing conscience spurred by remorse
Hath a strange force:
It quits the earth, and mounting more and more,
Dares to assault thee, and besiege thy doore.

There it stands knocking, to thy musicks wrong,
And drowns the song.
Glorie and honour are set by till it
An answer get.
Poets have wrong'd poore storms: such dayes are best;
They purge the aire without, within the breast.

¶ Paradise.

I Blesse thee, Lord, because I GROW
Among thy trees, which in a ROW
To thee both fruit and order OW.

What open force, or hidden CHARM
Can blast my fruit, or bring me HARM.
While the inclosure is thine ARM?

Incloſe me ſtill for fear I START.
Be to me rather ſharp and TART,
Then let me want thy hand & ART.

When thou doſt greater judgements SPARE,
And with thy knife but prune and PARE,
Ev'n fruitfull trees more fruitfull ARE.

Such ſharpneſſe ſhows the ſweeteſt FREND:
Such cuttings rather heal then REND:
And ſuch beginnings touch their END.

¶ The Method.

POore heart, lament.
For ſince thy God refuſeth ſtill,
There is ſome rub, ſome diſcontent,
Which cools his will.

Thy Father *could*
Quickly effect what thou doſt move;
For he is *Power*: and ſure he *would*;
For he is *Love*.

Go ſearch this thing,
Tumble thy breaſt, and turn thy book.
If thou hadſt loſt a glove or ring,
Wouldſt thou not look?

What do I ſee
Written above there? *Yeſterday*
I did behave me careleſly,
When I did pray.

And

And ſhould Gods eare
To ſuch indifferents chained be,
Who do not their own motions heare?
Is God leſſe free?

But ſtay! what's there?
Late when I would have ſomething done,
I had a motion to forbear,
Yet I went on.

And ſhould Gods eare,
Which needs not man, be ty'd to thoſe
Who heare not him, but quickly heare
His utter foes?

Then once more pray:
Down with thy knees, up with thy voice.
Seek pardon firſt, and God will ſay,
Glad heart rejoyce.

¶ Divinitie.

AS men, for fear the ſtarres ſhould ſleep and nod,
And trip at night, have ſpheres ſuppli'd;
As if a ſtarre were duller then a clod,
Which knows his way without a guide:

Juſt ſo the other heav'n they alſo ſerve,
Divinities tranſcendent skie:
Which with the edge of wit they cut and carve.
Reaſon triumphs, and Faith lies by.

Could not that wiſdome which firſt broch'd the wine,
Have thicken'd it with definitions?
And jagg'd his ſeamleſſe coat, had that been fine,
With curious queſtions and diviſions?

But all the doctrine which he taught and gave,
Was clear as heav'n, from whence it came:
At leaſt thoſe beams of truth, which onely ſave,
Surpaſſe in brightneſſe any flame.

Love God, and love your neighbour. Watch and pray.
Do as you would be done unto.
O dark inſtructions, ev'n as dark as day!
Who can theſe Gordian knots undo?

But he doth bid us take his bloud for wine.
Bid what he pleaſe; yet I am ſure,
To take and taſte what he doth there deſigne,
Is all that ſaves, and not obſcure.

Then burn thy Epicycles, fooliſh man;
Break all thy ſpheres, and ſave thy head.
Faith needs no ſtaff of fleſh, but ſtoutly can
To heav'n alone both go and lead.

Epheſ. 4. 30.

Grieve not the Holy Spirit, &c.

AND art thou grieved, ſweet and ſacred Dove,
When I am ſowre,
And croſſe thy love?
Grieved for me? the God of ſtrength and power
Griev'd for a worm, which when I tread,
I paſſe away and leave it dead?

Then weep mine eyes, the God of love doth grieve:
Weep fooliſh heart,
And weeping live:
For death is drie as duſt. Yet if ye part,
End as the night, (whoſe ſable hue
Your ſinnes expreſſe:) melt into dew.

When ſawcie mirth ſhall knock or call at doore,
Crie out, Get hence,
Or crie no more.
Almighty God doth grieve, he puts on ſenſe:
I ſinne not to my grief alone,
But to my Gods too; he doth grone:

Oh take thy lute, and tune it to a ſtrain,
Which may with thee
All day complain.
There can no diſcord but in ceaſing be.
Marbles can weep; and ſurely ſtrings
More bowels have then ſuch hard things.

Lord, I adjudge my ſelf to tears and grief,
Ev'n endleſſe tears
Without relief.
If a clear ſpring for me no time forbears,
But runnes, although I be not drie;
I am no Cryſtall, what ſhall I?

Yet if I wail not ſtill, ſince ſtill to wail
Nature denies;
And fleſh would fail,
If my deſerts were maſters of mine eyes:
Lord, pardon, for thy Sonne makes good
My want of tears with ſtore of bloud.

¶ The Family.

WHat doth this noiſe of thoughts within my heart,
As if they had a part?
What do theſe loud complaints and pulling fears,
As if there were no rule or eares?

But, Lord, the houſe and familie are thine,
Though ſome of them repine.
Turn out theſe wranglers, which defile thy ſeat:
For where thou dwelleſt all is neat.

Firſt Peace and Silence all diſputes controll,
Then Order playes the ſoul;
And giving all things their ſet forms and houres,
Makes of wild woods ſweet walks and bowers.

Humble Obedience near the doore doth ſtand,
Expecting a command:
Then whom in waiting nothing ſeems more ſlow,
Nothing more quick when ſhe doth go.

Joyes oft are there, and griefs as oft as joyes;
But griefs without a noiſe:
Yet ſpeak they louder then diſtemper'd fears.
What is ſo ſhrill as ſilent tears?

This is thy houſe, with theſe it doth abound:
And where theſe are not found,
Perhaps thou com'ſt ſometimes, and for a day;
But not to make a conſtant ſtay.

¶ The Size.

Content thee, greedy heart.
Modeſt and moderate joyes to thoſe, that have
Title to more hereafter when they part,
Are paſſing brave.
Let th' upper ſprings into the low
Deſcend and fall, and thou doſt flow.

What though ſome have a fraught
Of cloves and nutmegs, and in cinnamon ſail?
If thou haſt wherewithall to ſpice a draught,
When griefs prevail,
And for the future time art heir
To th' Iſle of ſpices, is't not fair?

To be in both worlds full
Is more then God was; who was hungry here.
Wouldſt thou his laws of faſting diſanull?
Enact good cheer?
Lay out thy joy, yet hope to ſave it?
Wouldſt thou both eat thy cake, and have it?

Great joyes are all at once;
But little do reſerve themſelves for more:
Thoſe have their hopes; theſe what they have renounc
And live on ſcore:
Thoſe are at home; theſe journey ſtill,
And meet the reſt on Sions hill.

Thy Saviour ſentenc'd joy,
And in the fleſh condemn'd it as unfit,
At leaſt in lump: for ſuch doth oft deſtroy;
Whereas a bit
Doth tice us on to hopes of more,
And for the preſent health reſtore.

A Christians state and case
Is not a corpulent, but a thinne and spare,
Yet active strength: whose long and bonie face
Content and care
Do seem to equally divide,
Like a pretender, not a bride.

Wherefore sit down, good heart;
Grasp not at much, for fear thou loosest all.
If comforts fell according to desert,
They would great frosts and snows destroy:
For we should count, Since the last joy.

Then close again the seam
Which thou hast open'd: do not spread thy robe
In hope of great things. Call to mind thy dream,
An earthly globe,
On whose meridian was engraven,
These seas are tears, and heav'n the haven.

¶ Artillerie.

AS I one evening sat before my cell,
Me thoughts a starre did shoot into my lap.
I rose and shook my clothes, as knowing well,
That from small fires comes oft no small mishap;
When suddenly I heard one say,
Do as thou usest, disobey,
Expell good motions from thy breast,
Which have the face of fire, but end in rest.

[I,

I, who had heard of muſick in the ſpheres,
But not of ſpeech in ſtarres, began to muſe:
But turning to my God, whoſe miniſters
The ſtarres and all things are; If I refuſe,
Dread Lord, ſaid I, ſo oft my goods;
Then I refuſe not ev'n with bloud
To waſh away my ſtubborn thought:
For I will do, or ſuffer what I ought.

But I have alſo ſtarres and ſhooters too,
Born where thy ſervants both artilleries uſe.
My tears and prayers night and day do woo,
And work up to thee; yet thou doſt refuſe.
Not but I am (I muſt ſay ſtill)
Much more oblig'd to do thy will,
Then thou to grant mine: but becauſe
Thy promiſe now hath ev'n ſet thee thy laws.

Then we are ſhooters both, and thou doſt deigne
To enter combat with us, and conteſt
With thine own clay. But I would parley fain:
Shunne not my arrows, and behold my breaſt.
Yet if thou ſhunneſt, I am thine:
I muſt be ſo, if I am mine.
There is no articling with thee:
I am but finite, yet thine infinitely.

¶ Church-

¶ Church-rents and schismes.

BRave rose, (alas!) where art thou? in the chair
Where thou didst lately so triumph and shine,
A worm doth sit, whose many feet and hair
Are the more foul, the more thou wert divine.
This, this hath done it, this did bite the root
And bottom of the leaves: which when the wind
Did once perceive, it blew them under foot,
Where rude unhallow'd steps do crush and grind
Their beauteous glories. Onely shreds of thee,
And those all bitten, in thy chair I see.

Why doth my Mother blush? is she the rose,
And shows it so? Indeed Christs precious bloud
Gave you a colour once; which when your foes
Thought to let out, the bleeding did you good,
And made you look much fresher then before.
But when debates and fretting jealousies
Did worm and work within you more and more,
Your colour faded, and calamities
Turned your ruddy into pale and bleak:
Your health and beauty both began to break.

Then did your fev'rall parts unloose and start:
Which when your neighbours saw, like a north-wind
They rushed in, and cast them in the dirt
Where Pagans tread. O Mother deare and kind,
Where shall I get me eyes enow to weep,
As many eyes as starres? Since it is night,
And much of Asia and Europe fast asleep,
And ev'n all Africk; would at least I might
With these two poore ones lick up all the dew
Which falls by night, and poure it out for you!

¶ Justice.

¶ Juſtice.

O Dreadfull Juſtice, what a fright and terrour
Waſt thou of old,
When ſinne and errour
Did ſhow and ſhape thy looks to me,
And through their glaſſe diſcolour thee!
He that did but look up, was proud and bold.

The diſhes of thy balance ſeem'd to gape,
Like two great pits;
The beam and ſcape
Did like ſome tort'ring engine ſhow:
Thy hand above did burn and glow,
Danting the ſtouteſt hearts, the proudeſt wits.

But now that Chriſts pure vail preſents the ſight,
I ſee no fears:
Thy hand is white,
Thy ſcales like buckets, which attend
And interchangeably deſcend,
Lifting to heaven from this well of tears.

For where before thou ſtill didſt call on me,
Now I ſtill touch
And harp on thee.
Gods promiſes have made thee mine:
Why ſhould I juſtice now decline?
Againſt me there is none, but for me much.

¶ The Pilgrimage.

I Travell'd on, ſeeing the hill, where lay
My expectation.
A long it was and weary way.
The gloomy cave of Deſperation
I left on th' one, and on the other ſide
The rock of Pride.

And

And so I came to Phansies medow strow'd
With many a flower:
Fain would I here have made abode,
But I was quicken'd by my houre.
So to Cares cops I came, and there got through
With much ado.

That led me to the wild of Passion, which
Some call the wold;
A wasted place, but sometimes rich.
Here I was robb'd of all my gold,
Save one good Angel, which a friend had ti'd
Close to my side.

At length I got unto the gladsome hill,
Where lay my hope,
Where lay my heart: and climbing still,
When I had gain'd the brow and top,
A lake of brackish waters on the ground
Was all I found.

With that abash'd and struck with many a sting
Of swarming fears,
I fell, and cry'd, Alas my King!
Can both the way and end be tears?
Yet taking heart, I rose, and then perceiv'd
I was deceiv'd.

My hill was further: so I flung away,
Yet heard a crie
Just as I went, *None goes that way*
And lives: If that be all, said I,
After so foul a journey death is fair,
And but a chair.

¶ The

¶ The Hold-fast.

I Threatned to obſerve the ſtrict decree
Of my deare God with all my power and might:
But I was told by one it could not be;
Yet I might truſt in God to be my light.

Then will I truſt, ſaid I, in him alone.
Nay, ev'n to truſt in him, was alſo his:
We muſt confeſſe that nothing is our own.
Then I confeſſe that he my ſuccour is.

But to have nought is ours, not to confeſſe
That we have nought. I ſtood amaz'd at this,
Much troubled, till I heard a friend expreſſe,
That all things were more ours by being his.
What *Adam* had, and forfeited for all,
Chriſt keepeth now, who cannot fail or fall.

¶ Complaining.

DO not beguile my heart,
Becauſe thou art
My power and wiſdome. Put me not to ſhame,
Becauſe I am
Thy clay that weeps, thy duſt that calls.

Thou art the Lord of glory;
The deed and ſtory
Are both thy due: but I a ſilly ſtir,
That live or die
According as the weather falls.

Art thou all juſtice, Lord?
Shows not thy word
More attributes? Am I all throat or eye,
To weep or crie?
Have I no parts but thoſe of grief?

Let

Let not thy wrathfull power
Afflict my houre,
My inch of life: or let thy gracious power
Contract my houre,
That I may climbe and find relief.

¶ The Discharge.

BUsie enquiring heart, what wouldst thou know?
Why dost thou prie,
And turn, and leer, and with a licorous eye
Look high and low,
And in thy lookings stretch and grow?

Hast thou not made thy counts, and summ'd up all?
Did not thy heart
Give up the whole, and with the whole depart?
Let what will fall:
That which is past who can recall?

Thy life is Gods, thy time to come is gone,
And is his right.
He is thy night at noon: he is at night
Thy noon alone.
The crop is his, for he hath sown.

And well it was for thee, when this befell,
That God did make
Thy businesse his, and in thy life partake:
For thou canst tell,
If it be his once, all is well.

Onely the present is thy part and fee.
And happy thou,
If, though thou didst not beat thy future brow,
Thou couldst well see
What present things requir'd of thee.

They

They ask enough; why ſhouldſt thou further go?
Raiſe not the mudde
Of future depths, but drink the clear and good.
Dig not for wo
In times to come; for it will grow.

Man and the preſent fit: if he provide,
He breaks the ſquare.
This houre is mine: if for the next I care,
I grow too wide,
And do encroch upon deaths ſide:

For death each houre environs and ſurrounds.
He that would know
And care for future chances, cannot go
Unto thoſe grounds,
But through a Church-yard which them bounds.

Things preſent ſhrink and die: but they that ſpend
Their thoughts and ſenſe
On future grief, do not remove it thence,
But it extend,
And draw the bottom out an end.

God chains the dog till night: wilt looſe the chain,
And wake thy ſorrow?
Wilt thou foreſtall it, and now grieve to morrow,
And then again
Grieve over freſhly all thy pain?

Either grief will not come; or if it muſt,
Do not forecaſt:
And while it cometh, it is almoſt paſt.
Away diſtruſt:
My God hath promis'd; He is juſt.

¶ Praiſe,

¶ Praiſe.

KIng of Glory, King of Peace,
I will love thee:
And that love may never ceaſe,
I will move thee.

Thou haſt granted my requeſt,
Thou haſt heard me:
Thou didſt note my working breaſt,
Thou haſt ſpar'd me.

Wherefore with my utmoſt art
I will ſing thee,
And the cream of all my heart
I will bring thee.

Though my ſinnes againſt me cried,
Thou didſt clear me;
And alone, when they replied,
Thou didſt heare me.

Sev'n whole dayes, not one in ſeven,
I will praiſe thee.
In my heart, though not in heaven,
I can raiſe thee.

Thou grew'ſt ſoft and moiſt with tears,
Thou relentedſt:
And when Juſtice call'd for fears,
Thou diſſentedſt.

Small it is, in this poore ſort
To enroll thee:
Ev'n eternity is too ſhort
To extoll thee.

¶ An

¶ An offering.

COme, bring thy gift. If blessings were as slow
As mens returns, what would become of fools?
What hast thou there? a heart? but is it pure?
Search well and see; for hearts have many holes.
Yet one pure heart is nothing to bestow:
In Christ two natures met to be thy cure.

O that within us hearts had propagation
Since many gifts do challenge many hearts!
Yet one, if good, may title to a number;
And single things grow fruitfull by desèrts.
In publick judgements one may be a nation,
And fence a plague, while others sleep and slumber.

But all I fear is left thy heart displease,
Is neither good, nor one: so oft divisions
Thy lusts have made, and not thy lusts alone;
Thy passions also have their set partitions.
These parcel out thy heart: recover these,
And thou mayst offer many gifts in one.

There is a balsam, or indeed a bloud, (close
Dropping from heav'n, which doth both cleanse and
All sorts of wounds; of such strange force it is.
Seek out this All-heal, and seek no repose,
Untill thou find and use it to thy good:
Then bring thy gift, and let thy hymne be this;

SInce my sadnesse
Into gladnesse
Lord thou dost convert,
O accept
What thou hast kept,
As thy due desert.

An Had

Had I many,
Had I any,
(For this heart is none)
All were thine
And none of mine;
Surely thine alone.

Yet thy favour
May give savour
To this poore oblation;
And it raise
To be thy praise,
And be my salvation.

¶ Longing.

With sick and famisht eyes,
With doubling knees and weary bones,
To thee my cries,
To thee my grones,
To thee my sighs, my tears ascend:
No end?

My throat, my soul is hoarse;
My heart is wither'd like a ground
Which thou dost curse.
My thoughts turn round,
And make me giddy: Lord, I fall,
Yet call.

From thee all pittie flows.
Mothers are kind, because thou art,
And dost dispose
To them a part:
Their infants them, and they suck thee
More free.

Bowels

Bowels of pitie, heare!
Lord of my ſoul, love of my mind,
Bow down thine eare!
Let not the wind
Scatter my words, and in the ſame
Thy name!

Look on my ſorrows round!
Mark well my furnace! O what flames,
What heats abound!
What griefs, what ſhames!
Conſider Lord; Lord, bowe thine eare,
And heare!

Lord Jeſu, thou didſt bowe
Thy dying head upon the tree:
O be not now
More dead to me!
Lord heare! *Shall he that made the eare,*
Not heare?

Behold, thy duſt doth ſtirre;
It moves, it creeps, it aims at thee:
Wilt thou deferre
To ſuccour me,
Thy pile of duſt, wherein each crumbe
Sayes, Come?

To thee help appertains.
Haſt thou left all things to their courſe,
And laid the reins
Upon the horſe?
Is all lockt? hath a ſinners plea
No key?

Indeed

Indeed the world 's thy book,
Where all things have their leaf assign'd:
Yet a meek look
Hath interlin'd.
Thy board is full, yet humble guests
Find nests.

Thou tarriest, while I die,
And fall to nothing: thou dost reigne,
And rule on high,
While I remain
In bitter grief: yet am I styl'd
Thy child.

Lord, didst thou leave thy throne,
Not to relieve? how can it be,
That thou art grown
Thus hard to me?
Were sinne alive, good cause there were
To bear.

But now both sinne is dead,
And all thy promises live and bide:
That wants his head;
These speak and chide,
And in thy bosome poure my tears,
As theirs.

Lord Jesu, heare my heart,
Which hath been broken now so long,
That ev'ry part
Hath got a tongue!
Thy beggers grow; rid them away
To day.

My love, my ſweetneſſe, heare!
By theſe thy feet, at which my heart
Lies all the yeare,
Pluck out thy dart,
And heal my troubled breaſt, which cries,
Which dies.

¶ The Bag.

AWay deſpair; my gracious Lord doth heare,
Though winds and waves aſſault my keel,
He doth preſerve it: he doth ſteer,
Ev'n when the boat ſeems moſt to reel.
Storms are the triumph of his art:
Well may he cloſe his eyes, but not his heart.

Haſt thou not heard that my Lord JESUS di'd?
Then let me tell thee a ſtrange ſtorie.
The God of power, as he did ride
In his majeſtick robes of glorie,
Reſolv'd to light: and ſo one day
He did deſcend, undreſſing all the way.

The ſtarres his tire of light and rings obtain'd,
The cloud his bow, the fire his ſpear,
The skie his azure mantle gain'd.
And when they ask'd what he would wear:
He ſmil'd and ſaid as he did go,
He had new clothes a making here below.

When he was come, as travellers are wont,
He did repair unto an inne.
Both then and after, many a brunt
He did endure to cancell ſinne:
And having giv'n the reſt before,
Here he gave up his life to pay our ſcore.

But as he was returning, there came one
That ran upon him with a ſpear.
He, who came hither all alone,
Bringing nor man, nor arms, nor fear,
Receiv'd the blow upon his ſide,
And ſtraight he turn'd, and to his brethren cry'd,

If ye have any thing to ſend or write,
(I have no bag, but here is room)
Unto my fathers hands and ſight
(Believe me) it ſhall ſafely come.
That I ſhall mind, what you impart;
Look, you may put it very near my heart.

Or if hereafter any of my friends
Will uſe me in this kind, the doore
Shall ſtill be open; what he ſends
I will preſent, and ſomewhat more,
Not to his hurt. Sighs will convey
Any thing to me. Heark deſpair, away.

¶ The Jews.

POore nation, whoſe ſweet ſap and juice
Our eyens have purloin'd, and left you drie:
Whoſe ſtreams we got by the Apoſtles ſluce,
And uſe in Baptiſme, while ye pine and die:
Who by not keeping once, became a debter;
And now by keeping loſe the letter:

Oh that my prayers! mine, alas!
Oh that ſome Angel might a trumpet ſound;
At which the church falling upon her face
Should crie ſo loud, untill the trump were drown'd,
And by that crie of her deare Lord obtain,
That your ſweet ſap might come again!

¶ The

¶ The collar.

I Struck the board, and cry'd, No more;
I will abroad,
What? ſhall I ever ſigh and pine?
My lines and life are free; free as the rode,
Looſe as the wind, as large as ſtore.
Shall I be ſtill in ſuit?
Have I no harveſt but a thorn
To let me bloud, and not reſtore
What I have loſt with cordiall fruit?
Sure there was wine
Before my ſighs did drie it: there was corn
Before my tears did drown it.
Is the yeare onely loſt to me?
Have I no bayes to crown it?
No flowers, no garlands gay? all blaſted?
All waſted?
Not ſo, my heart: but there is fruit,
And thou haſt hands.
Recover all thy ſigh-blown age
On double pleaſures: leave thy cold diſpute
Of what is *fit, and not*: forſake thy cage,
Thy rope of ſands,
Which pettie thoughts have made, and made to thee
Good cable, to enforce and draw,
And be thy law,
While thou didſt wink and wouldſt not ſee.
Away; take heed.
I will abroad.
Call in thy deaths head there: tie up thy fears.
He that forbears
To ſuit and ſerve his need,
Deſerves his load.
But as I rav'd and grew more fierce and wild
At every word,
Me thoughts I heard one calling, *Child*:
And I reply'd, *My Lord.*

¶ The Glimpse.

WHither away delight?
Thou cam'ſt but now; wilt thou ſo ſoon depart,
And give me up to night?
For many weeks of lingring pain and ſmart
But one halfe houre of comfort for my heart?

Me thinks delight ſhould have
More skill in muſick, and keep better time.
Wert thou a wind or wave,
They quickly go and come with leſſer crime:
Flow'rs look about, and die not in their prime.

Thy ſhort abode and ſtay
Feeds not, but addes to the deſire of meat.
Lime begg'd of old (they ſay)
A neighbour ſpring to cool his inward heat;
Which by the ſprings acceſſe grew much more great.

In hope of thee my heart
Pickt here and there a crumbe, and would not die,
But conſtant to his part,
When as my fears foretold this, did replie,
A ſlender threed a gentle gueſt will tie.

Yet if the heart that wept
Muſt let thee go, return when it doth knock.
Although thy heap be kept
For future times, the droppings of the ſtock
May oft break forth, and never break the lock.

If I have more to ſpinne,
The wheel ſhall go, ſo that thy ſtay be ſhort.
Thou knowſt how grief and ſinne
Diſturb the work. O make me not their ſport,
Who by thy coming may be made a court!

¶ Aſſurance.

¶ Assurance.

O Spitefull bitter thought!
Bitterly spitefull thought! Couldst thou invent
So high a torture? Is such poyson bought?
Doubtlesse, but in the way of punishment,
When wit contrives to meet with thee,
No such rank poyson can there be.

Thou said'st but even now,
That all was not so fair as I conceiv'd,
Betwixt my God and me; that I allow
And coyn large hopes; but, that I was deceiv'd;
Either the league was broke, or near it;
And, that I had great cause to fear it.

And what to this? what more
Could poyson, if it had a tongue, expresse?
What is thy aim? wouldst thou unlock the doore
To cold despairs and gnawing pensiveness?
Wouldst thou raise devils? I see, I know,
I writ thy purpose long ago.

But I will to my Father,
Who heard thee say it. O most gracious Lord,
If all the hope and comfort that I gather,
Were from my self, I had not half a word,
Not half a letter to oppose
What is objected by my foes.

But thou art my desert:
And in this league, which now my foes invade,
Thou art not onely to perform thy part,
But also mine; as when the league was made,
Thou didst at once thy self endite,
And hold my hand, while I did write.

Wherefore if thou canſt fail,
Then can thy truth and I: but while rocks ſtand,
And rivers ſtirre, thou canſt not ſhrink or quail:
Yea, when both rocks and all things ſhall disband,
Then ſhalt thou be my rock and towre,
And make their ruine praiſe thy power.

Now fooliſh thought go on,
Spin out thy threed, and make thereof a coat
To hide thy ſhame: for thou haſt caſt a bone
Which bounds on thee, and will not down thy throat.
What for it ſelf love once began,
Now love and truth will end in man.

¶ The Call.

COme, my Way, my Truth, my Life:
Such a Way, as gives us breath:
Such a Truth, as ends all ſtrife:
Such a Life, as killeth death.

Come, my Light, my Feaſt, my Strength:
Such a Light, as ſhows a feaſt:
Such a Feaſt, as mends in length:
Such a ſtrength, as makes his gueſt.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart:
Such a Joy, as none can move:
Such a Love, as none can part:
Such a Heart, as joyes in love.

¶ Claſping

¶ Claſping of hands.

LOrd, thou art mine, and I am thine,
If mine I am: and thine much more,
Then I or ought, or can be mine.
Yet to be thine, doth me reſtore;
So that again I now am mine,
And with advantage mine the more:
Since this being mine, brings with it thine,
And thou with me doſt thee reſtore.
If I without thee would be mine,
I neither ſhould be mine nor thine.

Lord, I am thine, and thou art mine:
So mine thou art, that ſomething more
I may preſume thee mine then thine.
For thou didſt ſuffer to reſtore
Not thee, but me, and to be mine:
And with advantage mine the more,
Since thou in death waſt none of thine,
Yet then as mine didſt me reſtore.
O be mine ſtill! ſtill make me thine:
Or rather make no Thine and Mine.

¶ Praiſe.

LOrd, I will mean and ſpeak thy praiſe,
Thy praiſe alone.
My buſie heart ſhall ſpinne it all my dayes:
And when it ſtops for want of ſtore,
Then will I wring it with a ſigh or grone,
That thou mayſt yet have more.

When thou doſt favour any action,
It runnes, it flies:
All things concurre to give it a perfection.
That which had but two legs before,
When thou doſt bleſſe, hath twelve; one wheel doth
To twenty then, or more. (riſe

But when thou doſt on buſineſſe blow,
It hangs, it clogs:
Not all the teams of Albion in a row
Can hale or draw it out of doore.
Legs are but ſtumps, and Pharaohs wheels but logs,
And ſtruggling hinders more.

Thouſands of things do thee employ
In ruling all
This ſpacious globe: Angels muſt have their joy,
Devils their rod, the ſea his ſhore,
The winds their ſtint: and yet when I did call,
Thou heardſt my call, and more.

I have not loſt one ſingle tear:
But when mine eyes
Did weep to heav'n, they found a bottle there
(As we have boxes for the poore)
Ready to take them in; yet of a ſize
That would contain much more.

But after thou hadſt ſlipt a drop
From thy right eye,
(Which there did hang like ſtreamers neare the top
Of ſome fair church, to ſhow the ſore
And bloudy battel which thou once didſt trie)
The glaſſe was full and more.

Wherefore

Wherefore I ſing. Yet ſince my heart,
Though preſs'd, runs thin;
O that I might ſome other hearts convert,
And ſo take up at uſe good ſtore;
That to thy chefts there might be coming in
Both all my praiſe, and more!

¶ Joſephs coat.

WOunded I ſing, tormented I endite,
Thrown down I fall into a bed, and reſt:
Sorrow hath chang'd its note: ſuch is his will,
Who changeth all things as him pleaſeth beſt.
For well he knows, if but one grief and ſmart
Among my many had his full career,
Sure it would carry with it ev'n my heart,
And both would run untill they found a beer
To fetch the bodie; both being due to grief.
But he hath ſpoil'd the race, and giv'n to anguiſh
One of Joyes coats, ticing it with relief
To linger in me, and together languiſh.
I live to ſhew his power, who once did bring
My *joyes* to *weep*, and now my *griefs* to *ſing*.

¶ The Pulley.

WHen God at firſt made Man,
Having a glaſſe of bleſsings ſtanding by;
Let us (ſaid he) poure on him all we can:
Let the worlds riches, which diſperſed lie,
Contract into a ſpan.

So ſtrength firſt made away;
Then beauty flow'd, then wiſdome, honour, pleaſure.
When almoſt all was out, God made a ſtay,
Perceiving that alone of all his treaſure
Reſt in the bottom lay.

For if I ſhould (ſaid he)
Beſtow this jewel alſo on my creature,
He would adore my gifts in ſtead of me,
And reſt in Nature, not the God of Nature:
So both ſhould loſers be.

Yet let him keep the reſt,
But keep them with repining reſtleſneſſe:
Let him be rich and weary, that at leaſt,
If goodneſſe lead him not, yet wearineſſe
May toſſe him to my breaſt.

¶ The Prieſthood.

BLeſt Order, which in power doſt ſo excell,
That with th' one hand thou lifteſt to the skie,
And with the other throweſt down to hell
In thy juſt cenſures; fain would I draw nigh,
Fain put thee on, exchanging my lay-ſword
For that of th' holy Word.

But thou art fire, ſacred and hallow'd fire;
And I but earth and clay: ſhould I preſume
To wear thy habit, the ſevere attire
My ſlender compoſitions might conſume.
I am both foul and brittle, much unfit
To deal in holy Writ.

Yet

Yet have I often ſeen, by cunning hand
And force of fire, what curious things are made
Of wretched earth. Where once I ſcorn'd to ſtand,
That earth is fitted by the fire and trade
Of skilfull artiſts, for the boards of thoſe
Who make the braveſt ſhows.

But ſince thoſe great ones, be they ne're ſo great,
Come from the earth, from whence thoſe veſſels come;
So that at once both feeder, diſh, and meat
Have one beginning and one finall ſumme:
I do not greatly wonder at the ſight,
If earth in earth delight.

But th' holy men of God ſuch veſſels are
As ſerve him up, who all the world commands:
When God vouchſafeth to become our fare,
Their hands convey him, who conveys their hands.
O what pure things, moſt pure muſt thoſe things be,
Who bring my God to me!

Wherefore I dare not, I, put forth my hand
To hold the Ark, although it ſeem to ſhake
Through th' old ſinnes and new doctrines of our land.
Onely, ſince God doth often veſſels make
Of lowly matter for high uſes meet,
I throw me at his feet.

There will I lie, untill my Maker ſeek
For ſome mean ſtuff whereon to ſhow his skill:
Then is my time. The diſtance of the meek
Doth flatter power. Leſt good come ſhort of ill
In praiſing might, the poore do by ſubmiſſion
What pride by oppoſition.

¶ The

¶ The Search.

WHither, O whither art thou fled,
My Lord, my Love?
My ſearchers are my daily bread;
Yet never prove.

My knees pierce th' earth, mine eyes the skie:
And yet the ſphere
And centre both to me deny
That thou art there.

Yet can I mark how herbs below
Grow green and gay;
As if to meet thee they did know,
While I decay.

Yet can I mark how ſtarres above
Simper and ſhine,
As having keyes unto thy love,
While poore I pine.

I ſent a ſigh to ſeek thee out,
Deep drawn in pain,
Wing'd like an arrow: but my ſcout
Returns in vain.

I tun'd another (having ſtore)
Into a grone,
Becauſe the ſearch was dumbe before:
But all was one.

Lord, doſt thou ſome new fabrick mold
Which favour winnes,
And keeps thee preſent, leaving th' old
Unto their ſinnes?

Where

Where is my God? what hidden place
Conceals thee ſtill?
What covert dare eclipſe thy face?
Is it thy will?

O let not that of any thing:
Let rather braſſe,
Or ſteel, or mountains be thy ring,
And I will paſſe.

Thy will ſuch an intrenching is,
As paſſeth thought:
To it all ſtrength, all ſubtilties
Are things of nought.

Thy will ſuch a ſtrange diſtance is,
As that to it
Eaſt and Weſt touch, the poles do kiſſe,
And parallels meet.

Since then my grief muſt be as large,
As is thy ſpace,
Thy diſtance from me; ſee my charge,
Lord, ſee my caſe.

O take theſe barres, theſe lengths away;
Turn, and reſtore me:
Be not Almighty, let me ſay,
Againſt, but for me.

When thou doſt turn, and wilt be near;
What edge ſo keen,
What point ſo piercing can appear
To come between?

For as thy abſence doth excell
All diſtance known:
So doth thy nearneſſe bear the bell,
Making two one.

¶ Grief.

O Who will give me tears? Come all ye ſprings,
Dwell in my head and eyes: come clouds, & rain:
My grief hath need of all the watrie things,
That nature hath produc'd. Let ev'ry vein
Suck up a river to ſupply mine eyes,
My weary weeping eyes too dry for me,
Unleſſe they get new conduits, new ſupplies
To bear them out, and with my ſtate agree.
What are two ſhallow foords, two little ſpouts
Of a leſſe world? the greater is but ſmall,
A narrow cupbord for my griefs and doubts,
Which want proviſion in the midſt of all.
Verſes, ye are too fine a thing, too wiſe
For my rough ſorrows: ceaſe, be dumbe and mute,
Give up your feet and running to mine eyes,
And keep your meaſures for ſome lovers lute,
Whoſe grief allows him muſick and a rhyme:
For mine excludes both meaſure, tune, and time.
Alas, my God!

¶ The Croſſe.

WHat is this ſtrange and uncouth thing?
To make me ſigh, and ſeek, and faint and die,
Untill I had ſome place, where I might ſing,
And ſerve thee; and not onely I,
But all my wealth and family might combine
To ſet thy honour up, as our deſigne.

And

And then when after much delay,
Much wraſtling, many a combat, this dear end,
So much deſir'd, is giv'n, to take away
My power to ſerve thee; to unbend
All my abilities, my deſignes confound,
And lay my threatnings bleeding on the ground.

One ague dwelleth in my bones,
Another in my ſoul (the memorie
What I would do for thee, if once my grones
Could be allow'd for harmonie)
I am in all a weak diſabled thing,
Save in the ſight thereof, where ſtrength doth ſting.

Beſides, things ſort not to my will,
Ev'n when my will doth ſtudy thy renown:
Thou turneſt th' edge of all things on me ſtill,
Taking me up to throw me down:
So that, ev'n when my hopes ſeem to be ſped,
I am to grief alive, to them as dead.

To have my aim, and yet to be
Farther from it then when I bent my bow;
To make my hopes my torture, and the fee
Of all my woes another wo,
Is in the midſt of delicates to need,
And ev'n in Paradiſe to be a weed.

Ah my dear Father, eaſe my ſmart!
Theſe contrarieties cruſh me: theſe croſſe actions
Do wind a rope about, and cut my heart:
And yet ſince theſe thy contradictions
Are properly a croſſe felt by thy Sonne,
With but foure words, my words, *Thy will be done.*

¶ The

¶ The Flower.

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are thy returns! ev'n as the flow'rs in spring;
To which, besides their own demean,
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
Grief melts away
Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivel'd heart
Could have recover'd greennesse? It was gone
Quite under ground, as flow'rs depart
To see their mother-root, when they have blown;
Where they together
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are thy wonders, Lord of power,
Killing and quickning, bringing down to hell
And up to heaven in an houre;
Making a chiming of a passing-bell.
We say amisse,
This or that is:
Thy word is all, if we could spell.

O that I once past changing were,
Fast in thy Paradise, where no flow'r can wither!
Many a spring I shoot up fair,
Offring at heav'n, growing and groning thither:
Nor doth my flower
Want a spring-showre,
My sinnes and I joyning together.

But

But while I grow in a ſtraight line,
Still upwards bent, as if heav'n were mine own,
Thy anger comes, and I decline:
What froſt to that? what pole is not the zone
Where all things burn,
When thou doſt turn,
And the leaſt frown of thine is ſhown?

And now in age I bud again,
After ſo many deaths I live and write;
I once more ſmell the dew and rain,
And reliſh verſing. O my onely light,
It cannot be
That I am he
On whom thy tempeſts fell all night.

Theſe are thy wonders, Lord of love,
To make us ſee we are but flow'rs that glide:
Which when we once can find and prove,
Thou haſt a garden for us, where to bide.
Who would be more,
Swelling through ſtore,
Forfeit their Paradiſe by their pride.

¶ Dotage.

FAlſe glozing pleaſures, casks of happineſſe,
Fooliſh night-fires, womens and childrens wiſhes,
Chaſes in Arras, gilded emptineſſe,
Shadows well mounted, dreams in a career,
Embroider'd lyes, nothing between two diſhes;
Theſe are the pleaſures here.
True earneſt ſorrows, rooted miſeries,
Anguiſh in grain, vexations ripe and blown,
Sure-footed griefs, ſolid calamities,
Plain demonſtrations, evident and clear,
Fetching their proofs ev'n from the very bone;
Theſe are the ſorrows here. But

But oh the folly of distracted men,
Who griefs in earnest, joyes in jest pursue;
Preferring, like brute beasts, a lothsome den
Before a court, ev'n that above so clear,
Where are no sorrows, but delights more true
Then miseries are here!

¶ The Sonne.

LEt forrain nations of their language boast,
What fine variety each tongue affords:
I like our language, as our men and coast:
Who cannot dresse it well, want wit, not words.
How neatly do we give one onely name
To parents issue and the sunnes bright starre!
A sonne is light and fruit; a fruitfull flame
Chasing the fathers dimnesse, carri'd farre
From the first man in th' East, to fresh and new
Western discov'ries of posterity.
So in one word our Lords humility
We turn upon him in a sense most true:
For what Christ once in humblenesse began,
We him in glory call, *The Sonne of Man.*

¶ A true Hymne.

MY joy, my life, my crown!
My heart was meaning all the day,
Somewhat it fain would say:
And still it runneth mutt'ring up and down
With onely this, *My joy, my life, my crown!*

Yet

Yet ſlight not theſe few words:
If truely ſaid, they may take part
Among the beſt in art.
The fineneſſe which a hymne or pſalme affords,
Is, when the ſoul unto the lines accords.

He who craves all the mind,
And all the ſoul, and ſtrength, and time,
If the words onely rhyme,
Juſtly complains, that ſomewhat is behind
To make his verſe, or write a hymne in kind.

Whereas if th' heart be moved,
Although the verſe be ſomewhat ſcant,
God doth ſuply the want:
As when th' heart ſayes (ſighing to be approved)
O, could I love! and ſtops; God writeth, *Loved.*

¶ The Anſwer.

MY comforts drop and melt away like ſnow:
I ſhake my head, and all the thoughts and ends
Which my fierce youth did bandy, fall and flow
Like leaves about me, or like ſummer-friends,
Flies of eſtates and ſunne-ſhine. But to all,
Who think me eager, hot, and undertaking,
But in my proſecutions ſlack and ſmall;
As a young exhalation, newly waking,
Scorns his firſt bed of dirt, and means the skie;
But cooling by the way, grows purſie and ſlow,
And ſettling to a cloud, doth live and die
In that dark ſtate of tears: to all, that ſo
Show me, and ſet me, I have one reply,
Which they that know the reſt, know more then I.

¶ A

¶ A Dialogue-Antheme.

Christian. Death.

Chr. ALas, poore Death! where is thy glory?
Where is thy famous force, thy ancient sting

Dea. *Alas, poore mortall, void of storie!*
Go spell and reade how I have kill'd thy King.

Chr. Poore death! and who was hurt thereby?
Thy curse being laid on him, makes thee accurst.

Dea. *Let loosers talk: yet thou shalt die;* (worst.
These arms shall crush thee. *Chr.* Spare not, do thy
I shall be one day better then before:
Thou so much worse, that thou shak be no more.

¶ The Water-course.

THou who dost dwell and linger here below,
Since the condition of this world is frail,
Where of all plants afflictions soonest grow;
If troubles overtake thee, do not wail:

For who can look for, lesse, that loveth { Life? / Strife?

But rather turn the pipe and waters course
To serve thy sinnes, and furnish thee with store
Of sov'reigne tears, springing from true remorse;
That so in pureness thou mayst him adore,

Who gives to man, as he sees fit, { Salvation. / Damnation.

¶ Self-

¶ Self-condemnation.

THou who condemnest Jewish hate,
For choosing Barrabas a murderer
Before the Lord of glory;
Look back upon thine own estate,
Call home thine eye (that busie wanderer)
That choice may be thy story.

He that doth love, and love amisse
This worlds delights before true Christian joy,
Hath made a Jewish choice:
The world an ancient murderer is;
Thousands of souls it hath and doth destroy,
With her enchanting voice.

He that hath made a sorie wedding
Between his soul and gold, and hath preferr'd
False gain before the true,
Hath done what he condemns in reading:
For he hath sold for money his dear Lord,
And is a Judas-Jew.

Thus we prevent the last great day,
And judge our selves. That light, which sin and passion
Did before dimme and choke,
When once those snuffs are ta'n away,
Shines bright and clear, ev'n unto condemnation,
Without excuse or cloke.

¶ Bitter-sweet.

AH my deare angry Lord!
Since thou dost love, yet strike;
Cast down, yet help afford;
Sure I will do the like.

I will complain, yet praiſe;
I will bewail, approve:
And all my ſowre-ſweet dayes
I will lament, and love.

¶ The Glance.

When firſt thy ſweet and gracious eye
Vouchſaf'd even in the midſt of youth and night
To look upon me, who before did lie
Weltring in ſinne:
I felt a ſugred ſtrange delight,
Paſſing all cordials made by any art,
Bedew, embalm, and overrun my heart,
And take it in.

Since that time many a bitter ſtorm
My ſoul hath felt, ev'n able to deſtroy,
Had the malicious and ill-meaning harm
His ſwing and ſway:
But ſtill thy ſweet originall joy
Sprung from thine eye, did work within my ſoul,
And ſurging griefs, when they grew bold, controll,
And got the day.

If thy firſt glance ſo powerfull be
A mirth but open'd, and ſeal'd up again;
What wonders ſhall we feel, when we ſhall ſee
Thy full-ey'd love!
When thou ſhalt look us out of pain,
And one aſpect of thine ſpend in delight
More then a thouſand ſunnes diſburſe in light
In heav'n above!

¶ The

¶ The 23 Pſalme.

THe God of love my ſhepherd is
And he that doth me feed:
While he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want or need?

He leads me to the tender graſſe,
Where I both feed and reſt;
Then to the ſtreams that gently paſſe:
In both I have the beſt.

Or if I ſtray, he doth convert
And bring my mind in frame:
And all this not for my deſert,
But for his holy name.

Yea, in deaths ſhady black abode
Well may I walk, not fear:
For thou art with me; and thy rod
To guide, thy ſtaff to bear.

Nay, thou doſt make me ſit and dine,
Ev'n in my enemies ſight:
My head with oyl, my cup with wine
Runs over day and night.

Surely thy ſweet and wondrous love
Shall meaſure all my dayes:
And as it never ſhall remove,
So neither ſhall my praiſe.

¶ Marie

¶ Mary Magdalene.

WHen bleſſed Mary wip'd her Saviours feet,
(Whoſe precepts ſhe had trampled on before)
And wore them for a jewel on her head:
Shewing his ſteps ſhould be the ſtreet,
Wherein ſhe thenceforth evermore
With penſive humbleneſſe would live and tread:

She being ſtain'd her ſelf, why did ſhe ſtrive
To make him clean, who could not be defil'd?
Why kept ſhe not her tears for her own faults,
And not his feet? Though we could dive
In tears like ſeas, our ſinnes are pil'd
Deeper then they, in words, and works, and thoughts.

Dear ſoul, ſhe knew who did vouchſafe and deigne
To bear her filth; and that her ſinnes did daſh
Ev'n God himſelf: wherefore ſhe was not loth,
As ſhe had brought wherewith to ſtain,
So to bring in wherewith to waſh:
And yet in waſhing one, ſhe waſhed both.

¶ Aaron.

HOlineſſe on the head,
Light and perfections on the breaſt,
Harmonious bells below, raiſing the dead
To lead them unto life and reſt:
Thus are true Aarons dreſt.

Profaneneſſe in my head,
Defects and darkneſſe in my breaſt,
A noiſe of paſſions ringing me for dead
Unto a place where is no reſt:
Poore prieſt thus am I dreſt!

Onely

Onely another head
I have, another heart and breaſt,
Another muſick, making live, not dead,
Without whom I could have no reſt:
In him I am well dreſt.

Chriſt is my onely head,
My alone onely heart and breaſt,
My onely muſick, ſtriking me ev'n dead;
That to the old man I may reſt,
And be in him new dreſt.

So holy in my head,
Perfect and light in my dear breaſt,
My doctrine tun'd by Chriſt, (who is not dead,
But lives in me while I do reſt)
Come people; Aaron's dreſt.

¶ The Odour. 2. *Cor.* 2.

HOw ſweetly doth *My Maſter* ſound! *My Maſter!*
As Amber-greeſe leaves a rich ſent
Unto the taſter:
So do theſe words a ſweet content,
An orientall fragrancie, *My Maſter.*

With theſe all day I do perfume my mind,
My mind ev'n thruſt into them both;
That I might find
What cordials make this curious broth,
This broth of ſmells, that feeds and fats my mind.

My Maſter, ſhall I ſpeak? O that to thee
My ſervant were a little ſo,
As fleſh may be;
That theſe two words might creep and grow
To ſome degree of ſpicineſſe to thee!

Then ſhould the Pomander, which was before
A ſpeaking ſweet, mend by reflexion,
And tell me more:
For pardon of my imperfection
Would warm and work it ſweeter then before.

For when *My Maſter*, which alone is ſweet,
And ev'n in my unworthineſſe pleaſing,
Shall call and meet,
My ſervant, as thee not diſpleaſing;
That call is but the breathing of the ſweet.

This breathing would with gains by ſweetning me
(As ſweet things traffick when they meet)
Return to thee:
And ſo this new commerce and ſweet
Should all my life employ and buſie me.

¶ The Foil.

IF we could ſee below
The ſphere of virtue, and each ſhining grace
As plainly as that above doth ſhow;
This were the better skie, the brighter place.

God hath made ſtarres the foil
To ſet off virtues, griefs to ſet off ſinning:
Yet in this wretched world we toil,
As if grief were not foul, nor virtue winning.

¶ The Forerunners.

THe harbingers are come. See, ſee their mark;
White is their colour, and behold my head.
But muſt they have my brain? muſt they diſpark
Thoſe ſparkling notions, which therein were bred?
Muſt dulneſſe turn me to a clod?
Yet have they left me, *Thou art ſtill my God.*

Good men ye be, to leave me my beſt room,
Ev'n all my heart, and what is lodged there
I paſſe not, I, what of the reſt become,
So, *Thou art ſtill my God*, be out of fear.
He will be pleaſed with that dittie;
And if I pleaſe him, I write fine and wittie.

Farewell ſweet phraſes, lovely metaphors.
But will ye leave me thus? when ye before
Of ſtews and brothels onely knew the doores,
Then did I waſh you with my tears, and more,
Brought you to Church well dreſt and clad:
My God muſt have my beſt, ev'n all I had.

Lovely enchanting language, ſugar-cane,
Honie of roſes, whither wilt thou flie?
Hath ſome fond lover tic'd thee to thy bane?
And wilt thou leave the Church, and love a ſtie?
Fie, thou wilt ſoil thy broider'd coat,
And hurt thy ſelf, and him that ſings the note.

Let fooliſh lovers, if they will love dung,
With canvas, not with arras, clothe their ſhame:
Let folly ſpeak in her own native tongue.
True beautie dwells on high: ours is a flame
But borrow'd thence to light us thither.
Beautie and beauteous words ſhould go together.

Yet if you go, I paſſe not; take your way:
For, *Thou art ſtill my God*, is all that ye
Perhaps with more embelliſhment can ſay.
Go birds of ſpring: let winter have his fee;
Let a bleak paleneſſe chalk the doore,
So all within be livelier then before.

¶ The Roſe.

PReſſe me not to take more pleaſure
In this world of ſugred lies,
And to uſe a larger meaſure
Then my ſtrict yet welcome ſize.

Firſt, there is no pleaſure here:
Colour'd griefs indeed there are,
Bluſhing woes, that look as clear
As if they could beautie ſpare.

Or if ſuch deceits there be,
Such delights I meant to ſay;
There are no ſuch things to me,
Who have paſs'd my right away.

But I will not much oppoſe
Unto what you now adviſe:
Onely take this gentle roſe,
And therein my anſwer lies.

What is fairer then a roſe?
What is ſweeter? yet it purgeth.
Purgings enmitie diſcloſe,
Enmitie forbearance urgeth.

If then all that worldlings prize
Be contracted to a roſe;
Sweetly there indeed it lies,
But it biteth in the cloſe.

So this flow'r doth judge and ſentence
Worldly joyes to be a ſcourge:
For they all produce repentance,
And repentance is a purge.

But I health, not phyſick chuſe :
Onely though I you oppoſe,
Say that fairly I refuſe,
For my anſwer is a roſe.

¶ Diſcipline.

THrow away thy rod,
Throw away thy wrath :
O my God,
Take the gentle path.

For my hearts deſire
Unto thine is bent :
I aſpire
To a full conſent.

Not a word or look
I affect to own,
But by book,
And thy book alone.

Though I fail, I weep :
Though I halt in pace,
Yet I creep
To the throne of grace.

Then let wrath remove ;
Love will do the deed :
For with love
Stonie hearts will bleed.

Love is ſwift of foot ;
Love 's a man of warre,
And can ſhoot,
And can hit from farre.

Who can ſcape his bow?
That which wrought not hee,
Brought thee low,
Needs muſt work on me.

Throw away thy rod;
Though man frailties hath,
Thou art God:
Throw away thy wrath.

¶ The Invitation.

COme ye hither all, whoſe taſte
Is your waſte;
Save your coſt, and mend your fare.
God is here prepar'd and dreſt,
And the feaſt;
God, in whom all dainties are.

Come ye hither all, whom wine
Doth define,
Naming you not to your good:
Weep what ye have drunk amiſſe,
And drink this,
Which before ye drink is bloud.

Come ye hither all, whom pain
Doth arraigne,
Bringing all your ſinnes to ſight:
Taſte and fear not: God is here
In this cheer,
And on ſinne doth caſt the fright.

Come ye hither all, whom joy
Doth deſtroy,
While ye graze without your bounds:
Here is joy that drowneth quite
Your delight,
As a floud the lower grounds.

Come ye hither all, whose love
Is your dove,
And exalts you to the skie:
Here is love, which having breath
Ev'n in death,
After death can never die.

Lord, I have invited all,
And I shall
Still invite, still call to thee:
For it seems but just and right
In my sight,
Where is all, there all should be.

¶ The Banquet.

WElcome sweet and sacred cheer,
Welcome dear;
With me, in me, live and dwell:
For thy neatnesse passeth sight,
Thy delight
Passeth tongue to taste or tell.

O what sweetnesse from the bowl
Fills my soul,
Such as is, and makes divine!
Is some starre (fled from the sphere)
Melted there,
As we sugar melt in wine?

Or hath sweetnesse in the bread
Made a head
To subdue the smell of sinne?
Flow'rs, and gummes, and powders giving
All their living,
Lest the enemy should winne?

Doubtleſſe neither ſtarre nor flower
Hath the power
Such a ſweetneſſe to impart:
Oncly God, who gives perfumes,
Fleſh aſſumes,
And with it perfumes my heart.

But as Pomanders and wood
Still are good,
Yet being bruis'd are better ſented;
God, to ſhow how farre his love
Could improve,
Here, as broken, is preſented.

When I had forgot my birth,
And on earth
In delights of earth was drown'd;
God took bloud, and needs would be
Spilt with me,
And ſo found me on the ground.

Having rais'd me to look up,
In a cup
Sweetly he doth meet my taſte.
But I ſtill being low and ſhort,
Farre from court,
Wine becomes a wing at laſt.

For with it alone I flie
To the skie:
Where I wipe mine eyes, and ſee
What I ſeek, for what I ſue;
Him I view,
Who hath done ſo much for me.

Let

Let the wonder of this pitie
Be my dittie,
And take up my lines and life:
Hearken under pain of death,
Hands and breath,
Strive in this, and love the ſtrife.

¶ The Poſie.

LEt wits conteſt,
And with their words and poſies windows fill:
Leſſe then the leaſt
Of all thy mercies, is my poſie ſtill.

This on my ring,
This by my picture, in my book I write:
Whether I ſing,
Or ſay, or dictate, this is my delight.

Invention reſt,
Compariſons go play, wit uſe thy will:
Leſſe then the leaſt
Of all Gods mercies, is my poſie ſtill.

¶ A Parodie.

SOuls joy, when thou art gone,
And I alone,
Which cannot be,
Becauſe thou doſt abide with me,
And I depend on thee;

Yet when thou doſt ſuppreſſe
The cheerfulneſſe
Of thy abode,
And in my powers not ſtirre abroad,
But leave me to my load:

O what a damp and ſhade
Doth me invade!
No ſtormy night
Can ſo afflict or ſo affright,
As thy eclipſed light.

Ah Lord! do not withdraw,
Leſt want of aw
Make ſinne appear;
And when thou doſt but ſhine leſſe clear,
Say, that thou art not here.

And then what life I have,
While ſinne doth rave,
And falſely boaſt,
That I may ſeek, but thou art loſt;
Thou and alone thou know'ſt.

O what a deadly cold
Doth me infold!
I half believe
That Sinne ſayes true: but while I grieve,
Thou com'ſt and doſt relieve.

¶ The Elixir.

TEach me, my God and King,
In all things thee to ſee;
And what I do in any thing,
To do it as for thee:

Not rudely, as a beaſt,
To runne into an action;
But ſtill to make thee prepoſſeſt,
And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glaſſe,
On it may ſtay his eye;
Or, if he pleaſeth, through it paſſe,
And then the heav'n eſpie.

All may of thee partake:
Nothing can be ſo mean,
Which with his tincture (for thy ſake)
Will not grow bright and clean.

A ſervant with this clauſe
Makes drudgerie divine.
Who ſweeps a room, as for thy laws,
Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous ſtone
That turneth all to gold:
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for leſſe be told.

¶ A Wreath.

A Wreathed garland of deſerved praiſe,
Of praiſe deſerved, unto thee I give,
I give to thee, who knoweſt all my wayes,
My crooked winding wayes wherein I live,
Wherein I die, not live: for life is ſtraight,
Straight as a line, and ever tends to thee,
To thee, who art more farre above deceit,
Then deceit ſeems above ſimplicitie.
Give me ſimplicitie, that I may live,
So live and like, that I may know thy wayes,
Know them and practiſe them: then ſhall I give
For this poore wreath, give thee a crown of praiſe.

¶ Deat-

¶ Death.

DEath, thou wast once an uncouth hideous thing,
Nothing but bones,
The sad effect of sadder grones:
Thy mouth was open, but thou couldst not sing.

For we consider'd thee as at some six
Or ten years hence,
After the losse of life and sense,
Flesh being turn'd to dust, and bones to sticks.

We lookt on this side of thee, shooting short;
Where we did find
The shells of fledge souls left behind,
Drie dust, which sheds no tears, but may extort.

But since our Saviours death did put some bloud
Into thy face,
Thou art grown fair and full of grace,
Much in request, much sought for as a good.

For we do now behold thee gay and glad,
As at dooms-day;
When souls shall wear their new aray,
And all thy bones with beauty shall be clad.

Therefore we can go die as sleep, and trust
Half that we have
Unto an honest faithfull grave;
Making our pillows either down or dust.

¶ Dooms-

¶ Dooms-day.

Come away,
Make no delay.
Summon all the duſt to riſe,
Till it ſtirre, and rub the eyes;
While this member jogs the other,
Each one whiſpring, *Live ye, brother?*

Come away,
Make this the day.
Duſt, alas, no muſick feels,
But thy trumpet: then it kneels,
As peculiar notes and ſtrains
Cure Tarantulaes raging pains.

Come away,
O make no ſtay!
Let the graves make their confeſſion,
Leſt at length they plead poſſeſſion:
Fleſhes ſtubbornneſſe may have
Read that leſſon to the grave.

Come away,
Thy flock doth ſtray.
Some to winds their body lend,
And in them may drown a friend:
Some in noyſome vapours grow
To a plague and publick wo.

Come away,
Help our decay.
Man is out of order hurl'd,
Parcell'd out to all the world.
Lord, thy broken conſort raiſe,
And the muſick ſhall be praiſe.

¶ Judge-

¶ Judgement.

ALmighty Judge, how ſhall poore wretches brook
Thy dreadfull look,
Able an heart of iron to appall,
When thou ſhalt call
For ev'ry mans peculiar book?

What others mean to do, I know not well:
Yet I heare tell,
That ſome will turn thee to ſome leaves therein
So void of ſinne,
That they in merit ſhall excell.

But I reſolve, when thou ſhalt call for mine,
That to decline,
And thruſt a teſtament into thy hand;
Let that be ſcann'd:
There thou ſhalt find my faults are thine.

¶ Heaven.

O Who will ſhow me thoſe delights on high?
Echo. I.
Thou Echo, thou art mortall, all men know,
Echo. No.
Wert thou not born among the trees and leaves?
Echo. Leaves.
And are there any leaves that ſtill abide?
Echo. Bide.
What leaves are they? impart the matter wholly.
Echo. Holy.
Are holy leaves the Echo then of bliſſe?
Echo. Yes.
Then tell me, what is that ſupreme delight?
Echo. Light.

Light

Light to the mind: what ſhall the will enjoy?
Echo. *Joy.*
But are there cares and buſineſſe with the pleaſure?
Echo. *Leiſure.*
Light, joy, and leiſure; but ſhall they perſever?
Echo. *Ever.*

¶ Love.

LOve bade me welcome: yet my ſoul drew back,
Guilty of duſt and ſinne.
But quick-ey'd Love, obſerving me grow ſlack
From my firſt entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, ſweetly queſtioning
If I lack'd any thing.

A gueſt, I anſwer'd, worthy to be here:
Love ſaid, You ſhall be he.
I the unkind, ungratefull? Ah my dear,
I cannot look on thee.
Love took my hand, and ſmiling did reply,
Who made the eyes but I?

Truth Lord; but I have marr'd them: let my ſhame
Go where it doth deſerve.
And know you not, ſayes Love, who bore the blame?
My dear, then I will ſerve.
You muſt ſit down, ſayes Love, and taſte my meat:
So I did ſit and eat.

FINIS.

Glory be to God on high, & on earth peace, good will towards men.

¶ *The Church militant.*

ALmighty Lord, who from thy glorious throne
Seeſt and ruleſt all things ev'n as one:
The ſmalleſt ant or atome knows thy power,
Known alſo to each minute of an houre:
Much more do Common-weals acknowledge thee,
And wrap their policies in thy decree,
Complying with thy counſels, doing nought
Which doth not meet with an eternall thought.
But above all, thy Church and Spouſe doth prove
Not the decrees of power, but bands of love.
Early didſt thou ariſe to plant this vine,
Which might the more indear it to be thine.
Spices come from the eaſt; ſo did thy Spouſe,
Trimme as the light, ſweet as the laden boughs
Of *Noahs* ſhady vine, chaſte as the dove;
Prepar'd and fitted to receive thy love.
The courſe was weſtward, that the ſunne might light
As well our underſtanding as our ſight.
Where th' Ark did reſt, there *Abraham* began
To bring the other ark from *Canaan*.
Moſes purſu'd this: but king *Solomon*
Finiſht and fixt the old religion.
When it grew looſe, the Jews did hope in vain
By nayling Chriſt to faſten it again.
But to the Gentiles he bore croſſe and all,
Rending with earthquakes the partition-wall.
Onely whereas the Ark in glory ſhone,
Now with the croſſe, as with a ſtaff, alone,
Religion, like a pilgrime, weſtward bent,

Knock-

Knocking at all doores ever as ſhe went.
Yet as the ſunne, though forward be his flight,
Liſtens behind him, and allows ſome light,
Till all depart: ſo went the Church her way,
Letting, while one foot ſtept, the other ſtay
Among the eaſtern nations for a time,
Till both removed to the weſtern clime.
To *Egypt* firſt ſhe came, where they did prove
Wonders of anger once, but now of love.
The ten Commandments there did flouriſh more
Then the ten bitter plagues had done before.
Holy *Macarius* and great *Antonie*
Made *Pharaoh Moſes*, changing th' hiſtory.
Goſhen was darkneſſe, *Egypt* full of lights,
Nilus for monſters brought forth Iſraelites.
Such power hath mighty Baptiſme to produce
For things miſhapen, things of higheſt uſe.
How dear to me, O God, thy counſels are!
Who may with thee compare?
Religion thence fled into *Greece*, where arts
Gave her the higheſt place in all mens hearts.
Learning was pos'd, Philoſophy was ſet,
Sophiſters taken in a fiſhers net.
Plato and *Ariſtotle* were at a loſſe,
And wheel'd about again to ſpell *Chriſts-Croſſe*.
Prayers chas'd ſyllogiſmes into their den,
And *Ergo* was transform'd into *Amen*.
Though *Greece* took horſe as ſoon as *Egypt* did,
And *Rome* as both; yet *Egypt* faſter rid,
And ſpent her period and prefixed time
Before the other. *Greece* being paſt her prime,
Religion went to *Rome*, ſubduing thoſe,
Who that they might ſubdue, made all their foes.
The Warriour his dear skarres no more reſounds,
But ſeems to yield Chriſt hath the greater wounds;
Wounds willingly endur'd to work his bliſſe,
Who by an ambuſh loſt his Paradiſe.

The

The great heart ſtoups, and taketh from the duſt
A ſad repentance, not the ſpoils of luſt;
Quitting his ſpear, leſt it ſhould pierce again
Him in his members, who for him was ſlain.
The Shepherds hook grew to a ſceptre here,
Giving new names and numbers to the yeare.
But th' Empire dwelt in *Greece*, to comfort them
Who were cut ſhort in *Alexanders* ſtemme.
In both of theſe Proweſſe and Arts did tame
And tune mens hearts againſt the Goſpel came:
Which uſing, and not fearing skill in th' one,
Or ſtrength in th' other, did erect her throne.
Many a rent and ſtruggling th' Empire knew,
(As dying things are wont) untill it flew
At length to *Germanie*, ſtill weſtward bending,
And there the Churches feſtivall attending:
That as before Empire and Arts made way,
(For no leſſe Harbingers would ſerve then they)
So they might ſtill, and point us out the place
Where firſt the Church ſhould raiſe her down-caſt face.
Strength levels grounds, Art makes a garden there;
Then ſhowres Religion, and makes all to bear.
Spain in the Empire ſhar'd with *Germany*,
But *England* in the higher victory;
Giving the Church a crown to keep her ſtate,
And not go leſſe then ſhe had done of late.
Conſtantines Britiſh line meant this of old,
And did this myſterie wrap up and fold
Within a ſheet of paper, which was rent
From Times great Chronicle, and hither ſent.
Thus both the Church and Sunne together ran
Unto the fartheſt old meridian.
How dear to me, O God, thy counſels are!
VVho may with thee compare?
Much about one and the ſame time and place,
Both where and when the Church began her race,

Sinne

Sinne did ſet out of Eaſtern *Babylon*,
And travell'd weſtward alſo: journeying on
He chid the Church away, where e're he came,
Breaking her peace, and tainting her good name.
At firſt he got to *Egypt*, and did ſow
Gardens of gods, which ev'ry yeare did grow;
Freſh and fine deities. They were at great coſt,
Who for a god clearly a ſallet loſt.
Ah! what a thing is man devoid of grace,
Adoring garlick with an humble face,
Begging his food of that which he may eat,
Starving the while he worſhippeth his meat!
Who makes a root his god, how low is he,
If God and man be ſever'd infinitely!
What wretchedneſſe can give him any room,
Whoſe houſe is foul, while he adores his broom?
None will believe this now, though money be
In us the ſame tranſplanted foolerie.
Thus Sinne in *Egypt* ſneaked for a while;
His higheſt was an ox or crocodile,
And ſuch poore game. Thence he to *Greece* doth paſſe;
And being craftier much then goodneſſe was,
He left behind him garriſons of ſinnes,
To make good that which ev'ry day he winnes.
Here Sinne took heart, and for a garden-bed
Rich ſhrines and oracles he purchaſed:
He grew a gallant, and would needs foretell
As well what ſhould befall, as what befell.
Nay, he became a poet, and would ſerve
His pills of ſublimate in that conſerve.
The world came both with hands and purſes full
To this great lotterie, and all would pull.
But all was glorious cheating, brave deceit;
Where ſome poore truths were ſhuffled for a bait
To credit him, and to diſcredit thoſe
Who after him ſhould braver truths diſcloſe.

From

From *Greece* he went to *Rome:* and as before
He was a God, now he 's an Emperour.
Nero and others lodg'd him bravely there,
Put him in truſt to rule the Romane ſphere.
Glory was his chief inſtrument of old:
Pleaſure ſucceeded ſtraight, when that grew cold,
Which ſoon was blown to ſuch a mighty flame,
That though our Saviour did deſtroy the game,
Diſparking oracles and all their treaſure,
Setting affliction to encounter pleaſure;
Yet did a rogue with hope of carnall joy
Cheat the moſt ſubtill nations. Who ſo coy,
So trimme, as *Greece* and *Egypt*? yet their hearts
Are given over for their curious arts,
To ſuch Mahometane ſtupidities,
As the old heathen would deem prodigies.
How dear to me, O God, thy counſels are!
Who may with thee compare?
Onely the Weſt and *Rome* do keep them free
From this contagious infidelity.
And this is all the Rock, whereof they boaſt,
As *Rome* will one day find unto her coſt.
Sinne, being not able to extirpate quite
The Churches here, bravely reſolv'd one night
To be a Church-man too, and wear a Mitre:
The old debauched ruffian would turn writer.
I ſaw him in his ſtudy, where he ſat
Buſie in controverſies ſprung of late.
A gown and pen became him wondrous well:
His grave aſpect had more of heav'n then hell:
Onely there was a handſome picture by,
To which he lent a corner of his eye.
As ſinne in *Greece* a Prophet was before,
And in old *Rome* a mighty Emperour;
So now being Prieſt he plainly did profeſſe
To make a jeſt of Chriſts three offices:

The

The rather ſince his ſcatter'd jugglings were
United now in one both time and ſphere.
From *Egypt* he took petty deities,
From *Greece* oracular infallibilities,
And from old *Rome* the libertie of pleaſure,
By free diſpenſings of the Churches treaſure.
Then, in memoriall of his ancient throne,
He did ſurname his palace *Babylon*.
Yet, that he might the better gain all nations,
And make that name good by their tranſmigrations;
From all theſe places, but at divers times,
He took fine vizards to conceal his crimes:
From *Egypt* Anchoriſme and retiredneſſe,
Learning from *Greece*, from old *Rome* ſtatelineſſe:
And blending theſe, he carri'd all mens eyes,
While Truth ſat by, counting his victories:
Whereby he grew apace, and ſcorn'd to uſe
Such force as once did captivate the Jews;
But did bewitch, and finely work each nation
Into a voluntary tranſmigration.
All poſte to *Rome*: Princes ſubmit their necks
Either t' his publick foot or private tricks.
It did not fit his gravitie to ſtirre,
Nor his long journey, nor his gout and furre.
Therefore he ſent out able miniſters,
Stateſmen within, without doores cloiſterers:
Who without ſpear, or ſword, or other drumme
Then what was in their tongue, did overcome;
And having conquer'd, did ſo ſtrangely rule,
That the whole world did ſeem but the Popes mule,
As new and old *Rome* did one Empire twiſt;
So both together are one Antichriſt,
Yet with two faces, as their *Janus* was;
Being in this their old crackt looking-glaſſe.
How dear to me, O God, thy counſels are!
Who may with thee compare?

Thus

Thus ſinne triumphs in Weſtern *Babylon*;
Yet not as ſinne, but as Religion.
Of his two thrones he made the latter beſt,
And to defray his journey from the eaſt.
Old and new *Babylon* are to hell and night,
As is the moon and ſunne to heav'n and light.
When th' one did ſet, the other did take place,
Confronting equally the law and grace.
They are hells land-marks, Satans double creſt:
They are ſinnes nipples, feeding th'eaſt and weſt.
But as in vice the copie ſtill exceeds
The pattern, but not ſo in virtuous deeds;
So, though ſinne made his latter ſeat the better,
The latter Church is to the firſt a debter.
The ſecond Temple could not reach the firſt:
And the late reformation never durſt
Compare with ancient times and purer years;
But in the Jews and us deſerveth tears.
Nay, it ſhall ev'ry yeare decreaſe and fade;
Till ſuch a darkneſſe do the world invade
At Chriſts laſt coming, as his firſt did find:
Yet muſt there ſuch proportions be aſſign'd
To theſe diminiſhings, as is between
The ſpacious world and *Jewry* to be ſeen.
Religion ſtands on tip-toe in our land.
Ready to paſſe to the *American* ſtrand.
When height of malice and prodigious luſts,
Impudent ſinning, witchcrafts, and diſtruſts
(The marks of future bane) ſhall fill our cup
Unto the brim, and make our meaſure up:
When *Sein* ſhall ſwallow *Tiber*, and the *Thames*,
By letting in them both, pollutes her ſtreams:
When *Italy* of us ſhall have her will,
And all her calendar of ſinnes fulfill;
Whereby one may foretell, what ſinnes next yeare
Shall both in *France* and *England* domineer:

Then

Then ſhall Religion to *America* flee:
They have their times of Goſpel, even as we.
My God, thou doſt prepare for them a way,
By carrying firſt their gold from them away:
For gold and grace did never yet agree:
Religion alwayes ſides with povertie.
We think we rob them, but we think amiſſe:
We are more poore, and they more rich by *this*.
Thou wilt revenge their quarrel, making grace
To pay our debts, and leave our ancient place
To go to them, while that which now their nation
But lends to us, ſhall be our deſolation.
Yet as the Church ſhall thither weſtward flie,
So ſinne ſhall trace and dog her inſtantly:
They have their period alſo and ſet times
Both for their virtuous actions and their crimes.
And where of old the Empire and the Arts
Uſher'd the Goſpel ever in mens hearts,
Spain hath done one; when Arts perform the other,
The Church ſhall come, and ſin the Church ſhall ſmo-
That when they have accompliſhed the round, (ther:
And met in th' eaſt their firſt and ancient ſound,
Judgement may meet them both & ſearch them round.
Thus do both lights, as well in Church as ſunne,
Light one another, and together runne.
Thus alſo Sinne and Darkneſſe follow ſtill
The Church and Sunne withall their power and skill.
But as the Sunne ſtill goes both weſt and eaſt;
So alſo did the Church by going weſt
Still eaſtward go; becauſe it drew more near
To time and place, where judgement ſhall appear.
How dear to me, O God, thy counſels are!
Who may with thee compare?

L' Envoy.

¶ L' Envoy.

King of Glorie, King of Peace,
With the one make warre to ceaſe;
With the other bleſſe thy ſheep,
Thee to love, in thee to ſleep.
Let not Sinne devoure thy fold,
Bragging that thy bloud is cold,
That thy death is alſo dead,
While his conqueſts daily ſpread;
That thy fleſh hath loſt his food,
And thy Croſſe is common wood.
Choke him, let him ſay no more,
But reſerve his breath in ſtore,
Till thy conqueſts and his fall
Make his ſighs to uſe it all,
And then bargain with the wind
To diſcharge what is behind.

Bleſſed be God alone,
Thrice bleſſed Three in One.

FINIS.

The titles of the severall poems contained in this book.

A

Aaron 168
Affliction 38, 53, 64, 82, 89
The Agonie 29
The Altar 18
Anagramme of the Virgin Marie 69
To all Angels and Saints ibid.
The Answer 163
A Dialogue-Antheme 164
Antiphone 45, 85
Artillerie 132
Assurance 149
Avarice 69

B

THe Bag 145
The Banquet 175
H. Baptisme 36
Bitter-sweet 165
The British Church 102
The Bunch of Grapes 120
Businesse 105

C

THe Call 150
Charms and knots 88
Christmasse 72
Church-floore 58
Church-lock and key 57
Church Militant 184
Church-monuments 56
Church-musick 57
Church-porch 1
Church-rents and schismes 134
Church-windows 59
Clasping of hands 151
The Collar 147
Colloss. 3. 3. Our life, &c. 77
H. Communion 43
Complaining 137
Self-condemnation 165
Confession 118
Conscience 98
Constancie 63
Content 60
The Crosse 148

D

The Dawning 104
Death 180
Decay 91
Deniall 71
Dialogue 107
The Discharge 138
Discipline 173
Divinitie 127
Dooms-day 181
Dotage 161
Dulnesse 108

E

Easter 33
Easter-wings 34, 35
The Elixir 178
Employment 49, 70
L. Envoy 192
Ephes. 4. 30. Grieve not, &c. 128
Even-song 55

F

Faith 41
The Familie 130
The Flower 160
The Foil 170
The Forerunners ibid.
Frailtie 62

G

Giddinesse 119
The Glance 166
The Glimpse 148
Good-Friday 30
Grace 52
Gratefulnesse 116
Grief 158

H

Heaven 181
The Hold-fast 137
Home 99
Hope 114
Humilitie 61
A true Hymne 162

I

JESU 105
The Jews 146
The Invitation 174
Jordan 48, 95
Josephs coat 133
Judgement 182
Justice 88, 135

L

Lent 78
Life 87
Longing 142
Love 45, 46, 183
Love-joy 109
Love unknown 121

M

Man 83
Mans medley 123
S. Marie Magdalene 168
Mattens 54
The Method 126
Miserie 92
Mortification 90

N

Nature 37

O

Obedience 96
The Odour 169
An offering 141

Paradise

P

Paradise 125
A Parodie 177
Peace 117
The Pearl, Matth. 13. 81.
Perirrhanterium 1
The Pilgrimage 135
The Posie 177
Praise 53, 140, 151
Prayer 43, 95
The Priesthood 154
Providence 109
The 23 Psalme 167
The Pulley 153

Q

The Quidditie 61
The Quip 103

R

Redemption 31
Repentance 40
The Reprisall 28
The Rose 172

S

The Sacrifice 19
Saints, vide Angels.
Schismes, vide Church-rents.
H. Scripture 50
The Search 156
Sepulchre 32.
Sighs and grones 75
Sinne 37, 55
Sinnes round 114
The Sinner 30
Sion 99
The Size 131
The Sonne 162
The Starre 65
The Storm 125
Submission 87
Sunday 66
Superliminare 17

T

The Temper 46, 47
The Thanksgiving 27
Time 115
Trinitie-Sunday 59

V

Vanitie 77, 104
Virtue 18
Ungratefulnesse 74
Unkindnesse 86

W

The Water-course 164
Whitsunday 51
The World 76
A Wreath 179

FINIS.